Sports Illustrated

JUNE 7, 1971 60 CENTS

INDY: AL UNSER OVER PETE REVSON

$2,350*

The whole idea of e stetion wegon is to have a car that cen haul things. Even big, clumsy things. Any station wagon that makes it hard to get those things in and out is missing the point. That's why our wagon is built tha way it is.

There are five doors on the Detsun wagon, and three of them lead to the load compertment. That's more accessibility then you'll find on a lot of other wagons in our price range. Even more than on most panel trucks.

We wouldn't have it any other way. We don't believe in cutting down on necessities like those two extra doors. In fact, we don't even believe in cutting down on the non-necessities. Fully reclining bucket seets, for Instance. And disc brakes, end nylon carpeting, tinted glass, even whitewall tires. They're all standard equipment. They're all part of the deal et $2,350.* So if you want a wagon with accessibility try this:

Drive a Datsun...then decide.

And the two extra doors don't cost a thing.

DATSUN
PRODUCT OF NISSAN

*Plus tex, license, local freight, dealer preperetion Specifications end price subject to change without notice.

Chanel is to give

CHANEL

Loyalty begins at home.

"You're right about Ballantine's Scotch."

"Have I ever been wrong?"

The more you know about Scotch, the more loyal you are to Ballantine's.

Be a Ballantine's Loyalist

ED IN SCOTLAND BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
PROOF IMPORTED BY 21 BRANDS INC N Y

Contents

JUNE 7, 1971 *Volume 34, No. 23*

Cover photographs by James Drake and Heinz Kluetmeier

26 Lightning Through the Wreckage

In an Indy 500 of many columnines defending champ Al Unser drove an aptly named car to victory

30 Young Britons Win an Old Cup

In a stunning upset, Great Britain won the Walker Cup from the U.S. for only the second time in half a century

32 No Member From the Wedding

Big Lew chose a honeymoon over the pro All-Star Game, so his NBA teammates had a battle on their hands

34 Let Me Make One Thing Clear

New Orleans seeks to build a sporting pleasure dome, but construction is being held up by monumental costs

40 A Game Man Might Risk a Bet

Winning golf's Grand Slam is a million-to-one shot, but Jack Nicklaus believes someone might succeed in '72

48 New Breed, New Ideas, New Taxes

Some imaginative men are defying high taxes in an effort to revive California's thoroughbred breeding industry

54 In the Mood—for Baseball

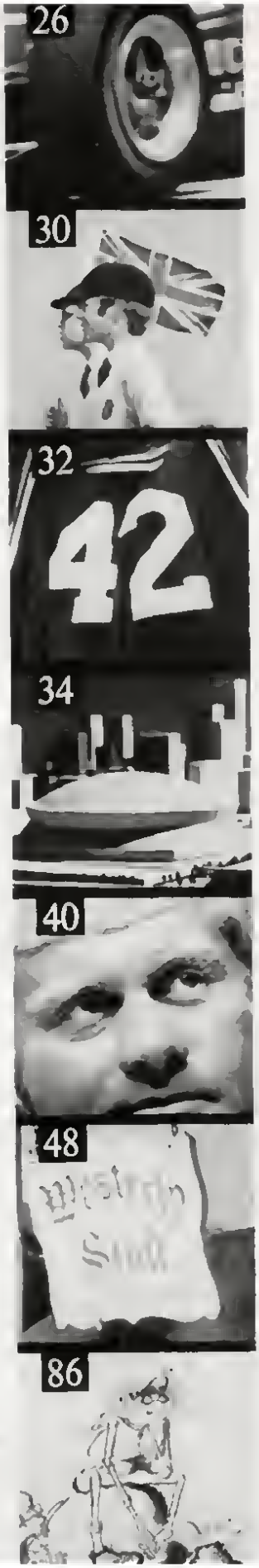
Organist Jane Jarvis may not win games for the New York Mets, but she sure has everybody thinking positively

86 Himalayan Trek or Treat

Now you can trek, a euphemism for walking—or limping—up and down through steep, stony, beautiful Nepal

The departments

13 Scorecard
64 People
69 Baseball
76 Basketball
84 Track & Field
112 For the Record
113 19th Hole



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President, Richard B. McKeough, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands $12.00 a year, military personnel anywhere in the world $8.50 a year; all others $16.00 a year

Credits on page 112

Next week

FINAL JEWEL in racing's Triple Crown is the Belmont, in which a select field will test Canonero II, the Cinderella horse from Venezuela who won the Derby and the Preakness.

THE GHOSTS of golfers past haunt the demanding rough and narrow fairways of Merion, site of this year's U.S. Open. A look at the course with a preview by Dan Jenkins.

STARK CONTRASTS are part of minor-league baseball—men succeeding and men failing on the same club. A profile of one who is too young and one who has become too old.

© 1971 BY TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION WITHOUT PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Alfred Wright, an editor and writer for this magazine since 1955 (and for Time Inc. since 1939), died unexpectedly last week at his home in Saga-ponack, N.Y. His death hurt us all. Al was a good companion, a perceptive journalist and a writer of grace and clarity. By wry coincidence, a favorite of his among the many articles he did for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED over the years was the one on breeding thoroughbred horses in Southern California that begins on page 48 in this issue. As a native of Southern California who loved horse racing, he was delighted by the opportunity to do a story that combined both these lifelong interests.

ALFRED WRIGHT, 1916-1971

He was by nature a reserved man, not much given to talking about himself, and it came as something of a surprise to some who thought they knew him well to learn that he had served for 4½ years as a Navy flier during World War II. He won the Navy Cross as a dive-bomber pilot in the South Pacific and once had his ship torpedoed from under him. In the scramble he lost the manuscript of a novel he had written in his spare time.

After the war he worked in Europe for several years as a TIME-LIFE correspondent, later covered Hollywood and was San Francisco bureau chief before joining SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. For us, he first wrote and then edited college football; later, as a full-time writer, he did memorable stories on such disparate subjects as baseball (one of the first interviews that caught Casey Stengel in full doubletalk), golf (the agonizing ordeals of Ken Venturi in the 1964 U.S. Open at Congressional and of Roberto De Vicenzo in the 1968 Masters) and contemporary college life (the intellectual ferment at the Berkeley campus of the University of California in the mid-1960s).

Beyond these professional accomplishments, he was a most pleasant man to know, to talk to, simply to be with. He was a gentleman, always thoughtful, always considerate, never critical, even of those who in one way or the other might deserve his criticism. Yet he was an acute and sensitive storyteller, one who delighted in recounting the exploits of bizarre people he had known. A lady friend of his once jokingly accused him of liking only outrageous people. Al corrected her pleasantly. "I don't want everybody to be outrageous," he explained. "I just don't want everybody alike."

Wherever he went he encountered people he knew, or people who turned out to be acquaintances of people he knew. Despite his quiet manner, he inevitably became the focus of attention because of his gift for telling stories. He talked slowly and precisely and built his anecdotes carefully, filling them with observant and trenchant detail. Time and again admiring listeners told him, "You've got to put all this in a book," and Al would nod and agree and say he was going to do that—sometime between assignments.

The time never came. As a practicing journalist he never found the opportunity, which is our loss. Our permanent gain, though, is the memory of a charming and thoroughly decent man, one we greatly miss.

Dick Munro

Sports Illustrated

Founder: Henry R. Luce 1898-1967

Editor-in-Chief: Hedley Donovan
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heiskell
President: James R. Shepley
Chairman, Executive Committee: James A. Linen
Editorial Director: Louis Banks

Vice Chairman: Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor: Andre Laguerre
Executive Editor: Ray Terrell
Assistant Managing Editors: John Tibby, Ray Cave, Jeremiah Tax

Art Director: Richard Gangel

Senior Editors: Walter Bingham, Robert H. Boyle, Arthur L. Brawley, Robert Cantwell, Robert Creamer, Andrew Cunningham, Frank Deford, Dan Jenkins, Martin Kane, William Leggett, Hamilton B. Maule, Bob Ottum, Coles Phinizy, Gilbert Rogin, Kenneth Rudeen, Patricia Ryan, Whitney Tower, John Underwood, Alfred Wright

Associate Editors: Dan Ambrosio, Evelyn S. Brown, Joseph Carroll, Guy Flood, Joe Jares, William Johnson, Robert F. Jones, Virginia Kraft, Mark Kram, Pat Putnam, Morton Shachtman, Edwin Shrake, M. R. Wernier, Hugh D. Whall

Staff Writers: Roy Blount Jr., Jeannette Bruce, Jule Campbell, Peter Carry, Ron Fimrite, Alice Higgins, Curry Kirkpatrick, Jerry Kirshenbaum, Barbara La Longmate, Dan Levin, Mark Mulvoy, Harold Peterson, William F. Reed

Photography: (director) George J. Bloodgood (deputy), Thomas Vandiverschmidt. Assistants: Frank Agolia, Betty Dick, Dorothy Metz. Associate: Stephany Jean Lockhart. Contributing Photographers: Les Bultman, Jerry Cooke, Gerry Cranham, Ray De Witt, James Drake, Walter Iooss Jr., Neil Leifer, Richard Meek, Herb Scharfman, Eric Schweikardt, Art Shay, Sheedy & Long, Tony Triolo

Production Manager: Gene W. Ulrich

Chief of Research: Marvin D. Hyman

Writer-Reporters: Pamela Knight, Skip Myslinski, Sandy Lindwell, Anne Vrooloth, Herman Weisskopf, Nancy Williamson (Special Projects)

Senior Reporters: Sarah Pilegge (director), Julia Lamb, Rose Mary Mechling, Judy Murphy, Paula Phelps, Lynn Simross, Christiana Walford

Reporters: George J. Carey, Don Dellmanno, Jim Gross, Jim Kaplan, Larry L. Keith, Felicia Lee, Cynthia Ramsing, Denise Rogers, D. Alexandra Stathopoulos

Art Department: Harvey Grant, Martin Nathan (associate directors), Brendan J. Mahony (Color Quality), William Bonstein, Catherine Sinolich, Thomas Vink, Lamas

Copy Desk: Betty DeMeester (chief), Ina Brennan (deputy), Leo Druif, Lillian Geller, Janette Heggy Kunz, Dendie Randall, Robert H. Williams

Production: Wayne Prather, James Brady, Francis O'Regan, Kenneth Tomlin

Administrative Department: Maureen Harris (chief), Alice Cusano, Mary Curtis

Special Contributors: Myron Cope, Charles Gorin, Richard W. Johnston, Carlton Mitchell, Jack Nicklaus, Jack Olsen, George Plimpton, William F. Talbert

Special Correspondents: (chief) Arlie W. Schardt, (deputy) Eleanor Monroe. *Albuquerque*, Arch Napier; *Anchorage*, Joseph Kyle Jr.; *Atlanta*, Lewis Grizzard; *Austin*, Jimmy Banks; *Baltimore*, Joe D'Addamo; *Baton Rouge*, Dan Hardesty; *Birmingham*, Dolly Connelly; *Boston*, Leo Monahan; *Buffalo*, Dick Johnston; *Carson City*, Guy Shipler Jr.; *Charlotte*, Ronald Green; *Chicago*, William Furlong; *Cincinnati*, Jim Schottelkotte; *Cleveland*, Charles Heaton; *Columbus*, Kaye Kessler; *Dallas*, Steve Perlas; *Denver*, Bob Bowie; *Des Moines*, Bob Ashille; *Detroit*, Jerry Green; *Greensboro*, Smith Barrier; *Harrisburg*, John Travers; *Honolulu*, Jim Richardson; *Houston*, Jack Gallagher; *Indianapolis*, Dick Denny; *Jacksonville*, Bill Kastelz; *Kansas City*, Theodore O'Leary; *Knoxville*, Ben Byrd; *Las Vegas*, John Cash; *Lexington*, Ed Ashford; *Little Rock*, Orville Henry; *Los Angeles*, Jack Tobin; *Louisville*, Larry Boeck; *Memphis*, Chalk Gallespie; *Miami*, Edwin Kimbrell; *Milwaukee*, Terry Bledsoe; *Minneapolis*, Dick Gordon; *Nashville*, Max York; *New Haven*, Bill Fulthur; *New Orleans*, Peter Finney; *Oklahoma City*, Harold Soles; *Omaha*, Hollis Limprecht; *Philadelphia*, Gordon Forbes; *Phoenix*, Frank Granelli; *Pittsburgh*, Eddie Beachler; *Portland*, Ken Wheeler; *Providence*, John Harlan; *Roanoke*, Bill Brill; *Salt Lake City*, George Ferguson; *San Antonio*, John Jones; *San Diego*, Jack Murphy; *San Francisco*, Art Rosenbaum; *Seattle*, Emmett Watson; *South Bend*, Joe Doyle; *Spartanburg*, Leslie Timms; *St. Louis*, Ed Walks; *St. Petersburg*, Red Marston; *Syracuse*, Bud Vander Veer; *Tallahassee*, Bill McGrotha; *Tulsa*, Dave Campbell; *Washington*, Mattie Zad

Canada: *Montreal*, Arthur Siegel; *Toronto*, Rex MacLeod; *Vancouver*, Eric Whitehead

Time-Life News Service: (chief) Murray J. Gart, (deputy) R. Edward Jackson, Robert Parker

Editorial Services: Paul Welch (Director), Frederick T. Redpath, Robert W. Boyd Jr., Peter Draz, Margaret F. Fischer, George Karas, Doris O'Neil

Publisher: J. Richard Munro
Associate Publisher: John U. Crandell
General Manager: Peter Hanson
Advertising Sales Director: Harry Steinbreder, Jr.
Circulation Director: Arthur Loomis
Promotion Director: Robert P. Figler
New Projects Director: Robert E. Hughes

The master midget builder.

For 35 years Leonard Gonsalves has been building racing machinery.

"When I got out of school, somebody sold me a bandsaw for $7.00. So I built a racing boat. It went real well, so I built some more and sold them.

"Then I started building midget race cars. I guess that's what I always wanted to do. I've got a real beauty down at the shop now. It'll be the fastest one I've ever seen.

"I bought the Ford Ranchero to take my racers to the track. And I switched it over to Champions first chance I got. Well, you know, I've always raced with Champions and I guess I know what's best for an engine."

CHAMPION

Toledo, Ohio 43601

6 million Ford owners have switched to Champion Spark Plugs. This has been one of them.

A.J. Foyt has racing in his blood and Valvoline in his engine.

A.J. Foyt races them all. Stocks, midgets, sprint cars, and the big Indy cars. But whatever he races, wherever he races, he uses just one motor oil. Valvoline® Motor Oil. He uses it in his family car, too.

If champion racing driver A.J. Foyt uses Valvoline, shouldn't you? On the track, street, or highway, it's the best thing going for any car.

VALVOLINE OIL COMPANY, Ashland, Ky.

Ashland, Division of Ashland Oil, Inc.

Rabbi Goldman, Father O'Connel and Reverend Henry won't endorse our formalwear for your wedding.
But they give it their blessings.

FLORIDA: Coral Gables, Ft. Lauderdale, Jacksonville, North Miami Beach, Tampa, Winter Park; GEORGIA: Atlanta, Decatur; ILLINOIS: Chicago and suburbs, Elgin, Glen Ellyn, Joliet, Niles, Peoria, Rockford, Waukegan; INDIANA: Gary, Hammond, South Bend; MICHIGAN: Bay City, Flint, Grand Rapids, Midland, Royal Oak, Saginaw; MISSOURI: St. Louis; OHIO: Columbus, Dayton, Shaker Heights; TEXAS: Hurst; WISCONSIN: Glendale, Greendale, Madison, Milwaukee, Racine. More Franchises Available. Call (312) 263-7071.

The difference in these soles can save you strokes

TEE-SOLE Woods. We designed the sole of the TEE-SOLE wood to make it smaller than conventional ones This smaller sole reduces turf drag. The result is longer, more accurate shots Get renewed confidence in your ability to make a good wood shot from fairway or rough with TEE-SOLE woods. Another MacGregor exclusive

SPLIT/LEVEL Irons. MacGregor SPLIT/LEVEL SOLE irons improve your lie on every shot. The thin front level cuts through the grass and reduces turf drag The back level controls divot depth Like the TEE-SOLE Woods, MacGregor SPLIT/LEVEL Irons are available with steel, aluminum or new Tourney-Lite shaft.

Send today for your free Mini-Catalog on MacGregor golf equipment.

MacGregor®

THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF

BRUNSWICK CORPORATION • DEPT. P146
I-75 AT JIMSON ROAD • CINCINNATI, OHIO 45215

You are beautiful...

potentially. When you strip away your defenses, inhibitions, and uncertainties, you'll find a beautiful person waiting to come out. Full of possibilities. Creative. Loving. Lovable. Emotionally, spiritually, and psychologically open to life and its challenges PSYCHOLOGY TODAY is all about that total, often secret, self.

Its pages are filled with dialogues and discoveries on the nature of those challenges. Sex, Love, War, Work, Drugs, God, Machines... a world in flux, in need of re-definition, of new interpretation. Here is a magazine entirely open to that need—a magazine that's continually exploring uncharted areas of the human psyche.

What's happening in today's psychology, sociology, anthropology, and theology, is an altogether different kind of "ology." Ground-breakers like Rollo May, Harvey Cox, B. F. Skinner, David Riesman, Ashley Montagu are all vitally engaged in a search for new perceptions—a humanized inner and outer environment in which you can grow and flourish.

Free of technical jargon, fresh in both its writing and graphics, PSYCHOLOGY TODAY is a non-pedantic leap into the splendors and mysteries of the human mind. Every issue provides countless opportunities to discover *yourself* in collaboration with the world's foremost explorers of human behavior.

And, as with any true adventure, it has its lighter moments—entertaining tests, fold-out games, and visual experiments ...a perfect balance for people who appreciate the fun side of the serious.

Next time you want to find out who and what you are, don't bother with a mirror. You'll get a more exciting, interesting, and intimate reflection of yourself from PSYCHOLOGY TODAY. The proof is in the pages. Send for a complimentary copy of the latest issue.

Among the current and coming articles in PSYCHOLOGY TODAY:

The Grim Generation
Is Suicide a Human Right?
Learning Under Drugs
Does ESP Exist?
Are Leaders Made or Born?
Love & Will
Homosexuality Reconsidered
Adult Play Therapy
Impulse, Aggression & the Gun
The Mentally Retarded Child
Is Man a Machine?
Who Will Help in a Crisis?
The Nudity Explosion
Dangers of Group Therapy
Are I.Q. Tests Intelligent?
Can We Immunize the Weak?
Nudity in Group Therapy
A Conversation with Masters & Johnson
The White Race and Its Heroes

Receive the current issue as a gift and begin a better understanding of your children, your spouse, your mother-in-law your boss ...yourself.

psychology today

PSYCHOLOGY TODAY 6-460
P.O. Box 2990, Boulder, Colorado 80302

Please send me my complimentary current issue of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY. I may keep my sample copy and owe nothing. However, unless I cancel, you may enroll me as a trial subscriber and send me the next 11 issues. Bill me after my subscription has started at a special Introductory rate—just $6.00 (Half the regular $12 annual price).

Mr
Mrs _____
Miss (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If you could get close enough you'd see he's smoking a Gold Label.

The man who is usually surrounded by people is a man who usually surrounds himself with things of good taste.
Like a handsomely crafted Gold Label cigar.
Gold Label comes in a fine selection of sizes and shapes. You too will find one to fit your public image as well as your private one.
Light one up, and treat yourself to the mild aroma of rich imported tobaccos. Those first puffs are always a pleasure to the senses. The last puffs, always a confirmation of your first impression.
If you're a man who makes a winning impression, smoke a Gold Label Light Brigade. It's the cigar other people like to be around.

Gold Label
Factory No. 1, Tampa, Florida

PALMA CANDELA • JAGUAR • CORONA DE VILLE • PANETELA GRANDE • SWAGGER • DINO

HOW TO KEEP SHAVING PROBLEMS FROM BECOMING SKIN PROBLEMS.

Somewhere around the time you turned 16, two things happened to your face.

First, it started breaking out.

Then it began needing a shave.

It was about the meanest trick nature could play on you. Because instead of being able to enjoy the manly ritual of shaving, you had to suffer through it.

And now, even if you've reached the ripe old age of 25, you realize that the suffering isn't entirely over. Because every now and then the same skin problems that haunted you as a teenager pop up again.

STOP SUFFERING.

Well, nature may be working against you. But we're not. That's why we made the new Remington® *Lektro Blade electric* shaver.

THE SLANTED HEAD.

To begin with, we gave our shaver a new slant head design. That's important. Because it lets a Remington shave with the contours of your face. Not against them.

So if you wake up with any unexpected extra contours, you won't have to worry so much about nicking or cutting.

THE SKIN GUIDE.

We've also added an adjustable skin guide. It helps you guide your beard into the shaving heads, while you keep your skin out.

Oh. Now that you know what we've done to make a Remington easier on your skin, we'd like you to know just how close a shave it can dish you.

SHARPER BLADES.

The blades in our new shaver are four times sharper than anything we've ever made before. *Four times sharper.* To give you the kind of close shave you wouldn't believe you could get with an electric.

Naturally, when a blade is that sharp, it's got to go dull. And a dull blade can be murder on your face.

BLADES YOU CAN CHANGE.

That's why our blades are disposable. You change them about every six months.

It takes only 20 seconds. And a new supply of blades only costs about $1.95.

ONLY WE HAVE IT ALL.

Slant head design. Adjustable skin guide. Super sharp disposable blades. Only one shaver has them all. Ours.

So stop dabbing at your face with styptic pencils or pasting bits of tissue paper to the cuts on your chin.

Get the new Remington Lektro Blade electric shaver. It shaves close. But not at the expense of your skin.

SPERRY RAND®

REMINGTON

Are you unconsciously telling your boss you can't handle a bigger job?

More and more businessmen are finding themselves working at two full-time jobs. The one they were hired to do. And the one that all their paperwork has forced them to do.

So while you're working all hours to keep up with your paperwork load, your boss might well be thinking that you're not aware you should be doing things like coming up with ideas, solving problems, making decisions, supervising and motivating your people.

And how can he increase your responsibilities when that would add to your paperwork? And the added paperwork might keep you from carrying out the new responsibilities.

A system combining the IBM Remote Microphone Network and the IBM MT/ST permits immediate dictation to a more powerful, more productive typing station

Well, IBM has a complete range of word processing machines that can help you. What they do basically is help you and your secretary get your ideas down on paper and into action in a lot less time and with a lot less effort. Which gives you more time to do the things your boss expects of you.

Now you may not need all of our machines and systems to accomplish this. Maybe what you and your department need is some IBM magnetic dictation equipment, an IBM Magnetic Tape Selectric® Typewriter and perhaps an IBM Copier.

Using our dictation equipment together with our MT/ST has helped people turn out their paperwork up to 50% faster.

On the other hand, the problems in your department might be tied in with problems in other departments and require a more elaborate word processing solution.

Whatever your needs we won't just leave you to puzzle them out all by yourself. An IBM Office Products Division Representative will work with you. He specializes in finding the right solutions to people's word processing problems.

Call him before you get jammed up with any more paperwork. He'll be glad to come, talk with you and make some recommendations.

IBM Word Processing: Machines helping people get their thoughts into action.

Office Products Division

IBM®

To get you to drive around with a crankcase full of new Havoline, we drained ours.

And we drove around Manhattan.

To prove that new Havoline Super Premium All Temperature Motor Oil is the finest engine pratectian maney can buy, we drove a car far a mile with the crankcase full of new Havaline. Then we drained all the oil that would came out.

Off we drave araund Manhattan. Up the F.D.R. Drive, then the Harlem River Drive, under the George Washingtan Bridge, dawn the Henry Hudson Parkway, around the Battery. Twenty-five miles of bumper-to-bumper, stap-and-go traffic. All the way back ta where we started. The drive took almost ane hour.

After a meticulous engine inspectian, we discovered that not ane part was harmed. So help us Havaline!

If anly a thin film of new Havoline Super Premium All Temperature Motor Oil lubricated and pratected our car's engine so nat one part was harmed, yau can imagine what a full crankcase will da for your car.

New Havoline resists thickening even under high-temperature canditians such as heavy-load, high-speed driving. That's when your car's engine warks hardest. New Havaline prevents rust, wear, and sludge deposits.

We don't recommend that you try driving with yaur crankcase drained. You knaw exactly what we're recommending.

TEXACO

Trust Texaco to have the right products for your car.

SCORECARD

Edited by FRANK DEFORD

STRANGE BET-MATES

The possibility that New York and perhaps other states besides Nevada will permit betting on sports such as baseball, football and basketball sometime within the next few years is at least alive. In what he considers to be the best interest of his game, NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle has rushed to protest—to be quickly joined in agreement by the commissioners of other major professional sports. Certainly, it may be true that open Off-Stadium Gambling will convert many innocent fans into suspicious betting zealots, but many of the commissioner's arguments are faulty and even, in one sense, hypocritical.

In the first place, Rozelle says, "It is not characteristic for team sports to be involved with gambling," a gee-whizism that flies in the face of the well-known fact that up to 90% of the money placed with bookmakers in this country is on team games. "There is no way to have controls," Rozelle continues, being pessimistic to suit his own argument. In fact, who is the commissioner to suggest gambling controls for a public that wants to gamble? His business is to guard the integrity of football.

Finally, Rozelle declares: "We are a symbol sport. We have heroes. Any legalized betting would raise suspicion about performance." Surely, there is no doubt that legalized gambling will encourage more people to put their money where their heart is, and many of these sore losers will read conspiracy into every missed field goal. Yet, is it possible to argue that *legalized* gambling will be any more insidious than illegal gambling? By tacitly aligning himself with the bookmakers, Rozelle establishes a bizarre coalition, rather like the preachers and the bootleggers in many Southern states who have often banded together to maintain the dry liquor laws.

Pro football teams are never bashful about urging governments into using public funds to construct huge stadiums for their use and considerable profit. Rozelle should keep this in mind when weighing arguments that football could be utilized in a manner that will produce revenues for the public.

THE OLD HIGH-FLY TRICK

Has anybody ever been clever enough to pull off this play before in the whole history of baseball? It was devised by Frostburg (Md.) State Coach Robert Wells—write that name down, diamond historians—and his team has successfully worked it three times. Most recently it was used when Frostburg was playing Edinboro in the NAIA district playoffs at Indiana, Pa. In the 12th inning of a tie game the Edinboro runner on first attempted a steal. The Frostburg catcher, Mel Bacon, saw he had no chance to make a play on the base runner. So, according to plan, he caught the pitch and lobbed a simulated infield pop fly. Bacon's teammates on the bench did their part and screamed to the runner to get back to first. Confused, the runner figured it was a pop-up, turned around and retreated. The Frostburg infielder who caught Bacon's "pop fly" threw to first, and the rattled runner was tagged out on his way back. Frostburg won 10–9 in the 17th inning.

WOULDN'T THIS BE MORE REALISTIC?

The Seattle Concordes.

JOE SAYS IT AIN'T SO

These continue to be rough times for Joe Frazier outside the ring. His singing tour, a flop in the U.S., sank to new depths in Copenhagen last week when a scheduled music hall performance had to be canceled after only 28 tickets to a 3,000-seat hall were sold. In Philadelphia he has come under considerable criticism from the black community for his implied support of Democratic mayoral candidate Frank Rizzo, a tough law-and-order ex-policeman who won the primary recently with virtually no other black support.

In Stockholm last week Frazier somewhat testily denied either that he had heard any complaints about his pro-Rizzo stand or, indeed, that he had "signed anything" endorsing Rizzo. Said Frazier: "Frank Rizzo and I are friends. As a person and a man I know him. I went to a dinner he had because I promised him I'd go. As far as I'm concerned, he's all right with me, he's treated me like a man, but I didn't endorse him. I didn't endorse anybody. I didn't sign nothing."

The upcoming general election pits Rizzo against Thacher Longstreth, the Republican candidate, who also happens to own a large block of shares in Cloverlay, the management concern that directs Frazier. This cuts no new ice with Frazier, though. He says he definitely will not endorse anybody for the Philadelphia mayoralty because, he adds, "I don't know much about politics."

BARBIE GOES PHYS ED

Who says Barbie is just another dumb blonde who only goes to parties? Barbie has turned into a regular little decathlon champ. You can buy the doll in a plaid golf outfit, in ski and skate ensembles, in a wow little tennis dress and

in scuba gear, complete with red fins and a snorkel. You can even buy Barbie now in leotards, with barbells (which, as everybody knows, is not only healthy but adds inches to the bustline). Barbie has a horse now, and a camper and a beach buggy.

In fact, Barbie has gotten so healthy they have had to bring out the new Malibu Barbie, which is Barbie with pink sunglasses, sun-bleached hair and the most fabulous suntan you ever saw. And have no fear. Ken, Francie and Skipper

continued

Why Johnny can't hide.

And doesn't want to anymore.

See Johnny hide. But not anymore.

Now Johnny works at 3M.

Once he thought all big organizations got that way by encouraging anonymity. Not because anyone ever told him that. But because he once had worked for one. Which will, of course, be nameless.

No one in that first organization actually told him the way to do well was to do as little as possible. Sort of stay out of the way.

But then, they never told him otherwise, either.

So he looked around. Made his own appraisal. And concluded there was a theory in operation.

To wit: Never state an opinion or take a risk and you'll never make a mistake.

Now, Johnny's no dope. He took what he thought was the hint.

He got lost in the crowd. Blended in with the background. And never, never attracted attention.

But 3M doesn't believe in crowds.

We believe in people. One at a time. And we'd like to think Johnny knew that the day he started here.

Our whole atmosphere says it. You don't stand out here unless you stand up. And speak up.

We believe in our people. Really believe. And Johnny must have seen it.

We encourage individual ideas and intelligent risk. The more 3M people innovate and accomplish, the more we reward them and the faster they advance.

We will not even hire relatives of our officers and directors. Here at 3M a better job is earned. Not awarded.

And our long and growing customer list is witness to the way 3M has always come up with products in advance of their time.

Like "Scotchgard" Fabric Protector. And "Di-Noc" Decorative Trim on the most popular station wagons. And "Scotch" Brand Hair-Set Tape.

Every new employee comes with a mind of his own. Could it be the way we treat our people has a lot to do with the way they produce ideas?

Johnny thought so. He looked around and liked what he saw and adopted a whole new approach.

Johnny came out of hiding.

And finally came into his own.

People still count here. 3M COMPANY

3M Co., 3M Center, St. Paul, Minnesota 55101

British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia N J 07605

Own something better than a champion.

The Mark III Triumph Spitfire is a three-time Divisional winner and a national SCCA racing champion. It would be hard to ask for anything better.

Except that there is something better: the Mark IV Spitfire. It's everything the Mark III is, plus stronger engine bearings, synchromesh in all four gears, a new improved suspension system and a handsome restyling by Ferrari body designer Giovanni Michelotti.

Ask your Triumph dealer to let you test drive a champion Spitfire. He'll give you his best.

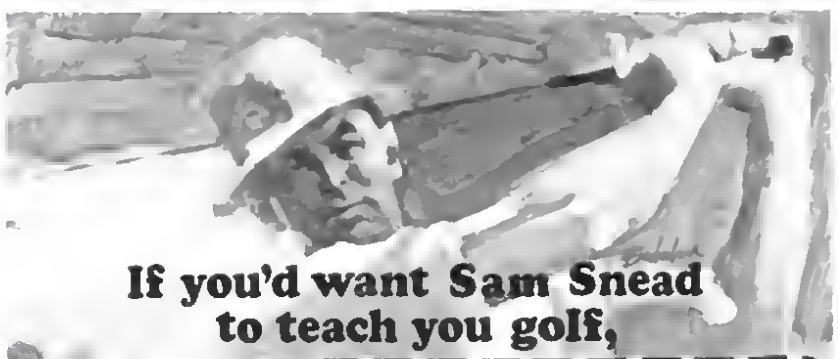
Triumph Spitfire

FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST TRIUMPH DEALER CALL 800-631-1971 TOLL FREE. IN NEW JERSEY CALL 800 962-2803

An insidious offer from Mixture 79.

We'll send you a generous sample of our classic pipe tobacco free. But there's one thing you ought to know: once you've tried it, it's difficult to settle for less. Write Sutliff Tobacco Co., Box 4130A, Richmond, Va. 23224.

Mild and aromatic Mixture 79. One of the great men's fragrances.



If you'd want Sam Snead to teach you golf,

you'll want Cessna to teach you to fly.

It is natural to want to learn from a leader. Now, Cessna, the world leader in personal flying, introduces a brand-new program that brings flight training down to its simplest form. Makes it easier for everyone to learn to fly. At a Cessna Pilot Center, you will learn from one of the world's finest instructors, from a planned curriculum and in the world's best trainer, the Cessna 150.

For the name of your nearest Cessna Pilot Center, plus free Learn to Fly kit, write Department GF/S11, Cessna Aircraft Company, Wichita, Kansas 67201.

Cessna PILOT CENTER

$5.00 This coupon and $5 buys your introductory lesson from the leader at any Cessna Pilot Center.

Cessna Whenever you're ready

also come in a Malibu shade. And they all have their little beach towels, too. Next year we expect Barbie to have her own surfboard and volleyball net—if she doesn't go to Munich.

SIESTA, POR FAVOR

Perhaps sometime before the Belmont this Saturday, Canonero II's handlers will forget false national pride and scratch the horse. We hope so. He is in bad shape and has been for a week. He has a skin disease, his ankles are burned behind (that is, he has "run down" on Belmont's deep track), and he has been suffering from thrush, a painful fungus infection like athlete's foot, found underneath the frog of the hoof (his right hind one).

If there were not the pressures to run for the greater glory of Venezuela and the greater handle of Belmont, Canonero would have been scratched long ago and saved to race when he is fit. To pretend that he is a miracle horse with recuperative powers to match his heart is a whimsy that can only hurt the colt, and his reputation, and the people—bettors and laymen alike—who have come to love him.

SMART BASS

For more than 30 years anglers have been fishing for largemouth bass in the experimental Ridge Lake under the scrutiny of scientists from the Illinois Natural History Survey. Now, according to Dr. George Bennett of the Survey, this concentrated fishing has had an impact on the lake's bass population: the dumber fish have been eliminated, leaving what the doctor calls "a race of supersmart bass." Early last year Dr. Bennett drained the lake, counted all the bass and then returned them alive and well. There were a total of 65 three- to eight-pound bass, and not a single one has been caught since. Says Dr. Bennett, "The large ones are so smart now they don't even look at fishermen's bait."

WHO NEEDS PARIS IN THE SPRING?

The Grand Slam in tennis is dead. It has been constituted of the championships of Australia, France, Great Britain and the U.S., but the field that competed in the French Open the last two weeks lacked so many top players—including Laver, Rosewall, Newcombe, Roche, Okker—that to classify it as a "major" tournament is farcical.

continued

Some scientific instruments don't look scientific.

These watches may not exactly look like geiger counters.

But underneath their gleam, their splash, and their flourish is their Accutron tuning fork movement.

The same movement that helped remap a continent, navigate an ocean and carry out experiments on the moon.

The same movement we guarantee accurate to within a minute a month.*

Which just goes to show that there's hardly anything left anymore, you can take at face value.

Accutron by Bulova.

The watch that's become a scientific instrument.

Accutron Calendar "CK" Granite grey dial Matching silver edged Corfam* strap Calendar window Date resets instantly $135

Accutron "247" White minute track on Cobalt blue dial with matching blue sapped Corfam* strap Polished stainless steel case $110

Accutron Day and Date "AM" Textured 14K solid gold case and hand Gold applied markers on shaded red dial Date resets instantly $650

Accutron Day and Date "P" 14K solid gold Hand applied Roman numerals and markers on silver tone dial Date resets instantly $250

*Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance if necessary if returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase. Bulova Watch Company, Inc

Friday night, at last... forget the job, forget the boss, forget being uptight and relax...

This...is the L&M moment.

Sit back and take it slow. Unwind with the flavor only L&M delivers. Rich, full, easy to take. After a week like this, you've earned it.

RICH, RICH L&M

19 mg. "tar" 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. (Jan '71)

The best players do not want to play in France anymore because the purse is low, the French promoters have been consistently rude to professionals, the tournament drags on for two weeks and the matches—on clay, best of five sets, no tie breakers—are more grueling than elsewhere. Also, the French championships (as well as Wimbledon and Forest Hills) are not included in World Championship Tennis' 20-tournament schedule, where the 32 WCT pros pick up points in an attempt to qualify for a $100,000 November playoff.

Already one of the world's top players has said he probably won't bother to enter the two-week Forest Hills grind, either, and for much the same reasons. Money has taken over tennis in a rush. Before long it will be Wimbledon and 51 Tucson Clay-Court Opens.

TALL TALE

A survey of graduates of the University of Pittsburgh business school concludes that men over 6 feet make about 10% *more in starting salary than those under* 6 feet. The disparity is increasing too; in 1967 tall men started off only 4% ahead of the little fellows. Last year the tallest graduate surveyed had the lowest grades but drew the highest salary. For all those little people who always must ask the weather has never been better up there.

GATOR AID AND GUM SHY

Science marches on, sometimes forward. In an effort to stop poachers, a team of experts at the University of Florida has perfected a way of identifying alligator skins by means of belly prints. Says Dr. George Cornwell, a professor in wildlife ecology, "We've gone to a number of fingerprint experts, and they think it's foolproof. All prior methods of marking have failed. The usual tattooing and marking techniques either come off or can be forged." Hopefully, the method, whereby gator bellies may be photographed and computerized just like the whorls on human fingers, will cut down considerably on poaching of hides and help establish a multimillion-dollar legitimate alligator farming industry in Florida.

A more dubious technological gift to the sporting world is a so-called "audiodontic" device that will allow people—such as quarterbacks—to receive radio messages through their teeth. The

continued

Automatic focus.
Automatic showing.
Selective access.
Instant editing.
Remote control.
Spillproof.
Halogen lamp.
500-watt power.
Fast f/2.8 lens.
Easy carrying.
All-metal body.

All this and the new Kodak Carousel tray that holds 140 slides!

Make the most of your color slides with our most popular Kodak Carousel 850 projector. Less than $200. Other Carousel projectors—also equipped with the new 140-slide tray for standard slides up to 1/16-inch thick—start at less than $65. At your dealer's. Now.

Kodak Carousel 850 projector.

Prices subject to change without notice.

Kodak

FIRESTONE WINS

48th victory in 55 Indianapolis

†No races during the war years

1971 WINNER
AL UNSER
Average Speed 157.735 m.p.h.

AGAIN AT INDY!

500 races for Firestone tires

Firestone

THE MILEAGE SPECIALIST

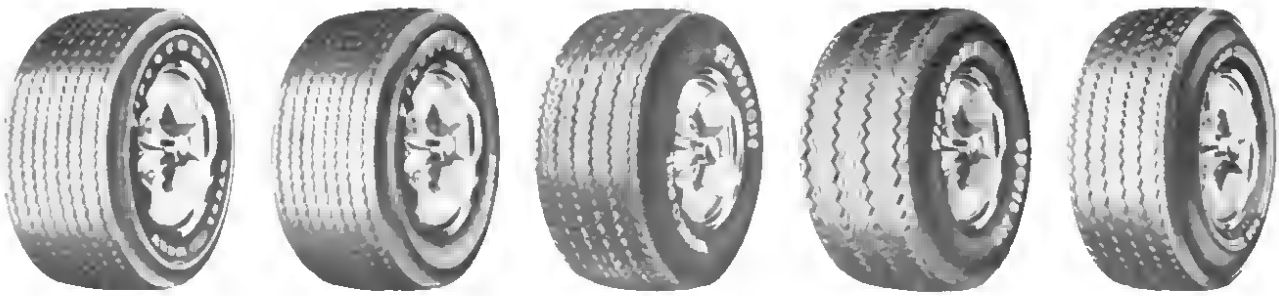
"Do you really learn a lot at Indy or are you in it for the fun and glory?" is a question heard at Firestone for over 50 years.

But people who know cars, racing and the history at Indianapolis, know the answer. For they've seen Indy when it was a race of tires, when 4 and 5 changes were common, when the race was often won by the driver who could squeak by with one less pit stop for tires.

And they may remember the 1964 race, the first won without a single tire change (on Firestone, of course) and at speeds that doubled those of the old timers.

If you drive on Firestone tires you know the answer, too. You know that the facts and figures and formulas that come from Indy find their way to your wheels.

Because you're not changing your Firestone tires very often these days either.



By command of King George IV, his royal Scotch shall be $7.28 in London. But only $4.99* in the ~~colonies~~ U.S.

London, Paris, all over the world—King George IV is just as expensive as other top brands.

But here, it's the only one you can buy for a remarkable $4.99/5th. And it's the very same Scotch!

*Average 5th retail price. Slightly higher or lower in some states.

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies 80 Proof Sole Importer U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.C.

thought that Paul Brown will turn to messenger molars instead of messenger guards is frightful to contemplate. Envision a Cincinnati Bengal scouting report: "Prospect is 6' 2", 245, with top lateral speed, five fillings, two caps and one sweet tooth that could even pick up the spotter in the press box."

MONTREAL DEUX

Remember when the Yankees used to shuttle players to the Kansas City A's as if they were a farm team? The same cozy thing has been going on between the Montreal Canadiens and the expansion Minnesota North Stars since the Stars were granted a franchise in 1967. Thirty-three players have been dealt between the two teams. Besides, Montreal gained rights to Minnesota's first draft choices in 1969, 1970, 1971, and it has the 1972 choice in hand. When Claude LaRose went from the Canadiens to the North Stars and became a genuine West Division All-Star, Minnesota then politely returned him to the Canadiens much as the A's did in the famous Ralph Terry case.

The analogy does not run deep, though. Whereas the Yankees strip-mined the A's in exchange for players of little or no value, Minnesota has judiciously selected the right Montreal leftovers and used them to build the strongest expansion franchise. Wren Blair, the Minnesota general manager, is not the least bit embarrassed at his dependence on Montreal, and the wholesale trading between the two teams can be expected to continue in the future. Blair says that Sam Pollock, the Montreal general manager, usually calls him when a third club is bidding for one of Montreal's players. If Minnesota wants that player, Pollock offers the Stars an opportunity to come up with a better deal.

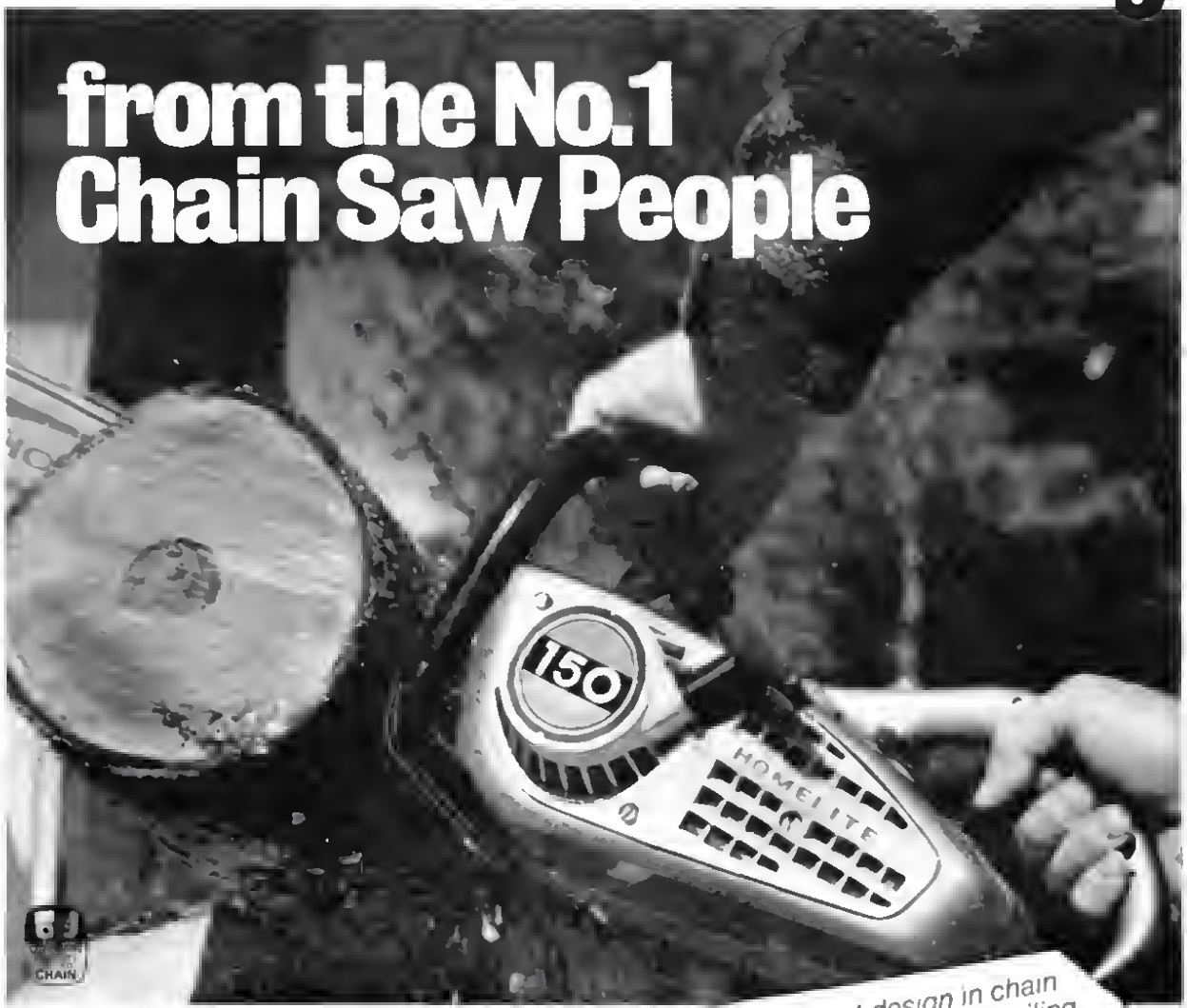
THEY SAID IT

• John P. Cowan, newly appointed secretary and deputy commissioner of the Pennsylvania Harness Racing Commission, after being informed that he cannot associate with undesirable characters: "There go half my friends."

• Pete Retzlaff, Philadelphia Eagle general manager, searching for Greg Barton, who defected to Canada. "If we do sign him, we're thinking of using him at halftime. That's quite a disappearing act he's got." **END**

Strike 'em out!
Dial never lets perspiration odor get to first base.
Because only Dial has AT-7 to strike out bacteria that cause odor.
So lather up with Dial. And stay safe all day.
Aren't you glad you use Dial Soap!
dial
(don't you wish everybody did?)

No.1 Chain Saw Buy



New Homelite 150 Automatic

Easy to Handle – Homelite's all-weather starter, fingertip controls, Sure-grip handlebar, perfect balance and quieter muffler make the new 150 Automatic chain saw a pleasure to use.

Lightweight Power – Aluminum and magnesium are the light-but-tough metals used in this super lightweight saw. The 150 Automatic will take care of every outdoor woodcutting job.

Rugged Reliability – The Homelite 150 Automatic is a simple-service-saw, built to last. It has the industry's only one-piece clutch – smoother, more reliable.

Here's the newest design in chain saws that includes automatic oiling for the cutting chain and guide bar at no extra cost!

Only **$149.95**

The new Homelite 150 Automatic is available at more servicing dealers than any other chain saw sold. Check the Yellow Pages for your nearest Homelite chain saw dealer – drop in and see the No. 1 chain saw buy. Homelite Textron DIVISION
5306 Riverdale Ave. Port Chester, N.Y. 10573

HOMELITE 50th Anniversary

No. 1 in Chain Saw Sales Worldwide

50 years and 3 million chain saws old

Convertible Term is a spring semester in Europe.

Right?

Our definition will never get passing marks. But we're being misleading to make a point.

The point being that too many people know too little about life insurance. Which can cause a family to have too little life insurance, or not enough of the right kind.

And that's too bad, because life insurance really isn't that hard to understand.

Take convertible term, for instance.

Convertible term gives you the option to convert your term insurance—which covers you for a limited number of years—into permanent life insurance, without having to answer any questions about your health.

The advantage, of course, is that you can buy term insurance inexpensively to start. And later, when you can better afford it you can convert to permanent life insurance, which builds cash value and protects you for life. Meanwhile, you have preserved your insurability.

Like to know more about life insurance? We can help.

We don't sell life insurance.

We're here to help you do a better job of buying it. By giving you the kind of information you need to talk to an agent with a little more confidence than you may have right now.

The fact is, we have a 64-page booklet called *Understanding Your Life Insurance*. The booklet is free. And it's filled with the simple ideas behind complicated-sounding phrases like convertible term.

So why not write to us and ask for a copy. We'll mail it to you, fast.

Institute of Life Insurance

Central source of information about life insurance.
277 Park Avenue, Dept. G1, New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me a free copy of *Understanding Your Life Insurance*

Name_____

Address

City State Zip

Sports Illustrated
JUNE 7, 1971

JOHNNY LIGHTNING THROUGH THE

Unser just makes it past spinning Rick Muther (top), and Gordon Johncock's racer (center)

DRIVES WRECKAGE

It was the most calamitous Indy 500 in years—and a heartbreaking one for precocious invaders—but Al Unser in a fleet, fit 'Johnny Lightning Special' steered deftly past crashing, spinning, burning racers to achieve a rare repeat victory. Not all the danger was on the track: the pace car crashed, too

by ROBERT F. JONES

hurtles over Mel Kenyon's wreckage as Mario Andretti swerves at their left. David Hobbs (below, left) and Johncock sprint to safety.

CONTINUED

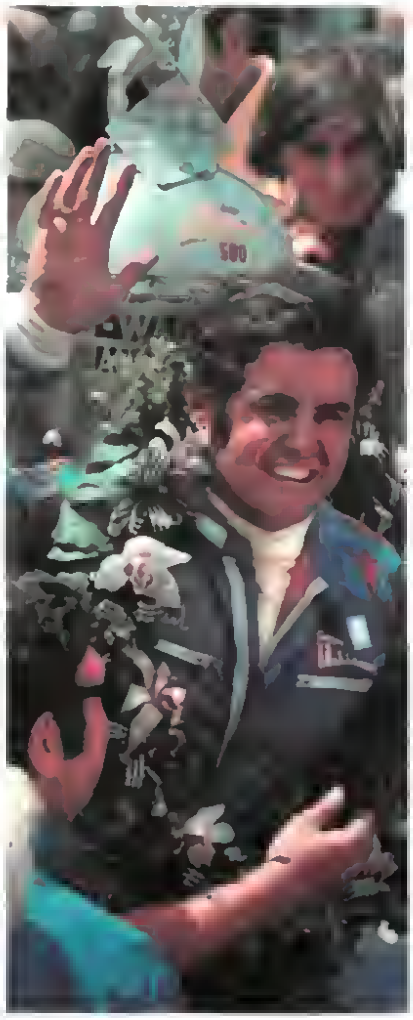
There are two kinds of excitement in automobile racing. The first, and rarest, occurs when a popular team is able to put all the craggy angles of victory together: design, tuning, conviction, pit stops, tough racing and the checkered flag. The second, hateful because of its frequency, occurs when some calamity or chain of accidents develops during the race and more good guys are hurt than the victory of another good guy warrants. The Indianapolis 500 '71 was excitement of the second variety.

It could have been the perfect race. There were cloudless skies, temperatures in the 60s, an A-O.K. launch of the helium balloons and Peter DePaolo singing *Back Home Again in Indiana*. Peter is the guy who won Indy in 1925—a brusque, balding old racer who might hit a sour note now and then but is never afraid to croon like Sinatra on the final bar. Even Tony Hulman, the main cog in Indy's gearbox, put a little more pep than usual into his "Gentlemen, start your engines" number. And the engines themselves sounded swell, particularly the turbocharged Offenhausers of pole sitter Peter Revson and that dedicated engineer, Mark Donohue, in their superquick McLarens. No one doubted that records would fall this day, but no one really knew who would knock them down, or in what categories. The old Indianapolis electricity surged toward its traditional overload as the cars snarled around on the preliminary laps. Aerial bombs punctuated the engine noise in a sporadic barrage—it was all just dandy—and then. . . .

Just as the 33 cars took the green flag, just as all that energy and emotion peaked, the pace car crashed into a photographers' stand. The pace car was an orange Dodge Challenger convertible driven by one Eldon Palmer, an Indianapolis car dealer. Since no Detroit automaker had offered a car to pace the big race this year, what with the recession and all, Indy's wise men accepted Palmer's offer of a couple dozen cars, contingent on his request to drive the celebrity machine during the pace laps. It was replete with Hulman, ex-astronaut-politician John Glenn and TV's Chris Schenkel.

Palmer avoided the mistake of Benson Ford back in 1966, who drove very slowly, but when he entered the pit road at 125 mph just before the start, he made an error of his own. A flagpole that Palmer had used as a guide for braking during practice had been removed for the race (too dangerous), and he failed to hit the brakes until he had nearly run out of pit. The car spurted blue smoke, slued out of shape as it hit the slick grass at the pit road's end, then crashed at perhaps 35 miles an hour into the crowded photo stand. It was a frightening scene—one to suggest a slaughter—and not until late in the race was the crowd told that all the pace-car occupants were unhurt, that there had been

Favorites Donohue, Penske mourn failure



Unser in Victory Lane—only the fourth man in 500 history to score back-to-back wins.

Crew Chief George Bignotti handles the fuel hose in one of Unser's swift pit stops.

no fatalities. The reckoning was ugly enough: the journalist Vicente Alvarez of Argentina critically injured, a guard and three photographers hospitalized with broken bones or other serious injuries, a dozen other photographers cut, bruised and dazed.

That was just for openers. Mark Donohue tried his best to rekindle the early joyous excitement by pulling away from the pack as if they were kiddie cars rather than Indy cars. He opened an eight-second lead in the first four laps, running at 171.054 mph—more than seven miles an hour faster than Mario Andretti's record speed for the same distance in 1969. "It wasn't merely speed," said Jackie Stewart, the Scot road racer who almost won the 500 in 1966 but was a nonracing TV commentator this year. "Donohue is a man with a head. He was driving very carefully through traffic, not pressing either himself or the machine." Others, however, were pressing too hard—part of the gross differential in speed between the fastest and slowest cars that helped make this Indy the most dangerous in years. "The period of what I call collection is so short now," sighed Stewart. "Because of these high speeds—165 in the corners, by God—when something happens ahead of you, you have less time to avoid it than ever before."

The time shrink hit three drivers on the 16th lap. Steve Krisiloff, a young charger in an Andy Granatelli car, blew his engine entering Turn Three. Mel Kenyon, in one of the green Sprite Specials, skidded on the oil and walloped the wall. Gordon Johncock, a front-runner in the Offy-powered Vollstedt Special, ran right over Kenyon's car ("I've got tire tracks on my helmet," Mel chuckled later) and wiped out his own car in the process. Mario Andretti, in the premier Granatelli car, swerved but nicked the wreckage and spun out through the infield grass. Only Kenyon was injured—a gashed leg, not serious. Since Mel was already a walking catalog of racing injuries, it was probably of no more concern to him than a hangnail.

The wreckage produced a long cautionary slowdown—17 laps of yellow light. No sooner had the green light flashed back on than Peter Revson developed problems. They were probably as much psychological as mechanical, but Revson, who had been running second to Donohue, suddenly felt that his car was steering badly. He backed off—to his ultimate regret when he finished only 20 seconds behind the winner. "I blew it right there," he admitted later. "The car felt funny to me—very heavy." By the time Revson regained confidence in his steering, he was too far back.

On Lap 67 came a particularly unkind cut. Mark Donohue's gearbox failed. The American driver who exemplifies the best in automotive science and road-racing cool was undone by broken gear teeth. Mark parked his car neatly on the grass off Turn Four and spent the rest of the race in the pits, making no excuses. Neither did his alter ego and captain, Roger Penske. "We'll be around for a while," allowed Roger.

Donohue's dropout left the race in the hands of the men who know it best—the old USAC pros. For many laps Joe Leonard, in a yellow Samsonite Special prepared by George Bignotti, dueled furiously with his more famous teammate, defending champ Al Unser, but then Joe's turbocharger blew on Lap 124. Al, in a new Johnny Lightning Ford looking very much like the one with which he won the race and the USAC championship last year, had retaken the lead at 118 laps—and thereafter he kept it. Where was brother Bobby? Charging hard in a wicked dark blue Eagle-Offy set up by Dan Gurney. Bobby had been hassled by the police earlier in the month for street speeding, and many of the long-haired counterculturists in the crowd were cheering him on. Lloyd Ruby, admired for his speed and pitied for his foul luck at Indy and now running fourth, was the true love of the multitude, but then Lloyd was black-flagged for a smoking engine and he took the sad, familiar walk back up pit row.

There were other woes of attrition yet to come, and one was a horror—a scare relieved in a way by courage, yet a scare you would not want to experience every May 29. Closing on Mike Mosley's G.C. Murphy Special as he entered Turn Four late in the race, Bobby Unser nearly bought the same chunk of the farm that his brother Jerry did back in 1959. Mosley, who had hit the wall twice during qualifying, hit it again. Unser saw Mosley shed a tire and smack the wall, then spun and hit it himself. Mosley's car erupted in a 40-foot gout of flame; bits and pieces of machinery splattered in every direction. Gary Bettenhausen, running far back in his sluggish Thermo King Special, stopped when he came to the wreckage, vaulted out of his car while it was still rolling and pulled Mosley from the fire. Memories of dad, perhaps; Tony Bettenhausen had been killed in a fiery crash in 1961. Mosley was helicoptered out with a broken leg and burns—his condition "serious"—but Bobby was unhurt except for "a heckuva headache." At about this time brother Al slipped past—now safely in the lead—and sped on toward Victory Lane. "I knew Bobby was in that mess, but on the next lap I saw him standing there, waving at me," Al said later. "It was a comfort."

Well, maybe a bit more than that. Saturday just happened to be Al Unser's 32nd birthday. If some $240,000 in prize money wasn't present enough, the fact that he had become only the fourth back-to-back winner in the race's 55-year history probably helped. (Wilbur Shaw was the first to double up, in 1939-40, followed by Mauri Rose in 1947-48 and Bill Vukovich in 1953-54.) Al set a new record of 157.735 mph as well. No one could begrudge him the triumph. Unser's handling of the car was superb, and Bignotti's pit work was beyond price: in four pit stops he used up 18 fewer seconds than Revson's men did in three—*i.e.*, just about the margin of victory. "I'm just as happy as last year," Al said, "but the first time you win, you lose all sense of direction when you pull into Victory Lane. This year I knew where to go."

Casting his thoughts back over the day's adventures and misadventures, Jackie Stewart described this 500 as the "fullest" in his experience, and so it was for many. As Al Unser again tasted the sweetness of victory, the Penske-Donohue camp mourned a final calamity: the splendid racing machine Mark had left parked in Turn Four had been wiped out by the Mosley-Bobby Unser crash. "Well, what racing is all about is bloody noses," said a slightly sloshed old campaigner. "You go out and get a bloody nose, and then you don't just sit around and sulk, but you go out again. I've gotten more bloody noses in my life than I've gotten good dinners." Certainly men like Mark Donohue and Roger Penske, or Peter Revson, or Lloyd Ruby, or Bobby Unser, or even the men surprised by the sudden arrival of Eldon Palmer's pace car, would have to agree with that philosophy. If they didn't, there would never be the first kind of excitement. **END**

YOUNG BRITONS WIN AN OLD CUP

Some gifted newcomers who didn't fear the Americans gave Great Britain its second Walker Cup in 50 years **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Practically everyone in amateur golf has come to understand that the biennial Walker Cup, born in 1921 to stimulate international competition and foster goodwill between the United States and Great Britain, has in reality become nothing so much as a chalice from which Americans drink heaping portions of ego juice every two years. Unlike a few of our other foreign escapades, the good old U.S. of A. does the kicking around in the Walker Cup.

What always happens is that the British come over to the States for a few days, take off their sweaters and get the tea beat out of them. Two years later, our guys go to Britain, put on rain parkas, unfurl the umbrellas and beat the British again. It is an adventure in yawning. You know, awfully good show and all that. Until last week American teams had lost only once in half a century of cup competition, and nothing blowing in the heather of St. Andrews indicated that this year's outcome would be any different. A U.S. team member said sadly, "The Walker Cup should be the biggest thing in amateur golf but, let's face it, nobody cares. I guess we just win too much."

Symbolically, Union Jack held by forecaddie is up, Stars and Stripes down.

Somebody cared this time. What happened Wednesday and Thursday was exhilarating golf competition that caused, as one St. Andrews man said, anguish, excitement and nervous exhaustion. The British underdogs came spectacularly from behind late in the second day to win six of eight singles matches and their first Walker Cup since 1938. Three newcomers to cup competition—a doughy-faced Scot, Hugh Stuart and two fearless young stylists, Roddy Carr and Warren Humphreys—carried the fight. Stuart, an insurance inspector from Ayr, and Carr, the son of Ireland's former Cupper, Joe Carr, went unbeaten in singles and combined for their side's only foursomes' victory on Thursday. Humphreys, a tousle-haired 19-year-old with sparkling teeth and a look reminiscent of Bobby Sherman, the teen dream singer, edged America's powerful Steve Melnyk in a crucial singles match on the final day.

It would be wrong to say the British were without optimism before the matches. They knew that the USGA had an unusually difficult time picking this year's team, that Hell Bunker, the Principal's Nose and the other little potholes John Farquhar of the U.S. called "grenade pits" would take their toll and that the weather would inevitably deteriorate to standards favorable to the British: rainy, cold and miserable.

"Technically we are as good as the Americans," said John Jacobs, the distinguished British golf teacher. Michael Bonallack, the British captain, also liked his chances. "I've never known a more balanced British side," he said.

In that spirit the challengers swept the alternate-shot foursomes Wednesday morning to give Britain a 4-0 lead, the first time that had ever happened in Walker Cup play. Young Humphreys played beautifully despite what he called "the shakes" to carry Bonallack to a 1-up victory, and Carr and Charlie Green defeated the top American pair, Melnyk and Vinny Giles, by the same score.

In the afternoon, not 15 minutes after the final singles matches were off the tee, a day that had begun clear and sunny turned into porridge. The green dunes of the Old Course were whipped by the changing winds off St. Andrews Bay, and the rain poured down. Paradoxically, the American fortunes immediately perked up, especially at the 466-yard 17th—the famous Road Hole.

No. 17 takes no prisoners. Green, a Scot from Dumbarton who distributes Ballantine's Scotch and, it is said, drinks a wee bit o' it, too, hit short there and lost his match to Lanny Wadkins. Allen Miller of the U.S. ran in a 14-foot putt to beat Geoffrey Marks. And in between came Giles, who hit over the green in three, then chipped from an impossible lie off a gravel path and stood in shock as the ball took one bounce, hit the pin and—that's all, folks—dropped in the cup for a stunning par. Bonallack hurled his own ball to the ground in despair and, when he respotted it on the green, missed a five-footer and lost 1 up. Melnyk finished off his opponent before 17, and only Farquhar (beaten by Stuart) and veteran Bill Hyndman (who halved with the stubborn Carr) lost points in the singles. The United States had taken the lead 6½ to 5½.

Giles was speechless about the shot that won his singles match. "What can I say?" he asked. "I was dead." "We're O.K. now," said Melnyk that night over dinner. "I'd say we'll win at least nine of the 12 points tomorrow."

Thursday morning thousands of Scots—including bicyclists, babies in carriages and uncounted leashed hounds—turned out to watch another British defeat. The Americans won two of the foursomes—one when Miller topped a ball that skipped over the burn onto the green anyway, leaving Farquhar with a 70-foot

Twenty-year-old Roddy Carr, son of a former Walker Cupper, was one of the young players responsible for Britain's stunning victory.

putt that he dropped for a birdie. Still, Britain halved one match, and a 1-up victory by Carr and Stuart sent them to the afternoon singles behind only 9 points to 7.

The U.S. remained unworried. It needed only 3½ more points (three wins and a half) for victory.

In the first match Wadkins—cheered on by a planeload of yellow-hatted supporters who flew all the way from Winston-Salem, N.C.—played overpowering two-under-par golf as he beat Bonallack 3 and 1. His match was over long before anything else was settled, but behind him the U.S. was in deep trouble. Only young Tom Kite from Texas had his match well in hand for a sure second point. Giles, Miller, Hyndman and Jim Simons were all losing. Jim Gabrielsen was barely hanging on and Melnyk was unable to shake Humphreys.

As Stuart closed out Giles on 17, the Melnyk-Humphreys duel turned into a classic. Big Steve drove the green at the 312-yard 12th but three-putted. On 14, just after a squall raced across the course, Humphreys dropped a 40-foot putt; Melnyk covered it with a 15-footer to remain even. At 15 Humphreys dropped a 45-footer. Melnyk faltered. One down. At 16 Melnyk wedged from 90 yards to within inches for a half, and they came to 17 with Melnyk still 1 down. He had an eight-iron to the green, but he left it short behind a bunker and had a delicate wedge left. Humphreys calmly chipped his third shot to five feet. Melnyk, gambling now, couldn't get his soft wedge over the bank; the ball fell back into the sand, and Humphreys, his teeth going wild, was the winner, 2 and 1.

The British, behind now by only two points, kept coming. Miller caught Green at 17 but then bladed his approach over the 18th and lost 1 up. Simons, playing Carr, also won the 17th, but he was still 1 down, and the Irishman knocked in a 30-foot putt on 18 to make sure of his victory.

With the matches tied, it was left to Hyndman, who had got even with David Marsh, and Gabrielsen, also even with George Macgregor, to retain the cup. But Marsh never wilted, and when Hyndman hit into Wig Bunker, cutting into the 16th green, the 37-year-old English doctor was ahead to stay. Moments later Gabrielsen hit a long iron that curled nicely onto the 17th green, then teased along the edge before falling off short behind a bunker. With almost the same shot that Melnyk had been faced with earlier, Gabrielsen got his ball over the bunker all right and up to the pin, but the ball kept going, across and off the green, through the high grass and onto the gravel path. Now he was faced with duplicating Giles' earlier shot, but he could not pull it off, and Macgregor won the hole with bogey and held his lead till the end. Hyndman and Marsh had yet to finish, but Hyndman could not win, and when he conceded a short putt to Marsh at the 17th, the Walker Cup was gone.

Bonallack, who had paced the 18th tee all this time watching with fists clenched, wept openly at the presentation ceremonies and said his team won "in spite of their captain." They did that, but over the years they had learned from him the meaning of spirit and tenacity, and he should be proud.

"I'm always a bit trembly in these affairs," said the new idol, Humphreys, who played with Nicklaus at the British Open last year. "I never looked at Jack on his drives and I never looked at Steve Melnyk, either." Last week changed all of that. From now on the Walker Cuppers from Great Britain can look anyone in the eye. SND

NO MEMBER FROM THE WEDDING

Big Lew chose a honeymoon over the pro All-Star Game, so his NBA teammates had much more of a battle on their hands than anticipated, but they skinned by those upstarts from that other league **by PETER CARRY**

Lew Alcindor quickly found out about the realities of married life. He agreed to go to Houston's Astrodome last Friday for the NBA-ABA supergame even though he had another date that same day—to marry Janice Brown in Washington. Apparently he figured that the nuptials would be performed in the morning, the newlyweds would hop a jet to Texas and he would go out with the guys that night. So much for men's lib.

No sooner did the former Miss Brown become Mrs. Alcindor than the groom found his schedule changed. His bride informed him she did not care for a busman's honeymoon, or at least that is what Lew told Oscar Robertson on the phone three hours before tip-off time. It was a thumping victory for young love, and it made the supergame considerably less super.

Which is not to say that the affair in Houston did not have its spectacular aspects. Considering that the game was announced only 17 days before the playing date, it was astounding that an independent producer, who paid about $180,000 for television rights, lined up enough sponsors and 197 stations to guarantee that it would have the largest audience ever to watch basketball. Equally unexpected was the solidarity demonstrated by the two players associations. Although some franchise owners threatened the players with an assortment of injunctions, fines and suspensions, only one of the stars, other than the absent bridegroom, failed to appear. Kentucky's Dan Issel was apparently henpecked off the ABA team by the Colonels' management.

The game itself was not a triumph of artistry, largely because many players—such as the NBA's Nate Thurmond and John Havlicek—had not touched a ball for two months prior to the brief practice session on the day preceding the game. But it was exciting enough to be at least semisuper. The play was much more aggressive, particularly in the second half, than is usually the case in All-Star Games, and the score was close throughout. In losing 125–120, the ABA proved that its top players match the NBA's better than any but its most irrational fans had foreseen. Alcindor's honeymoon enhanced the game's competitiveness. The NBA certainly would have won much more easily had he made it to the Dome on time.

Lew was not the only absentee. Astrodome officials had predicted a crowd of at least 25,000; only 16,364 purchased tickets, a good number for basketball, particularly out of season, but not up to the Dome's standards. A month ago, for example, 18,459 came to see that good old Texas pastime, a lacrosse match, between those two Lone Star favorites, Johns Hopkins and Navy. One reason for the smallish crowd is that the Dome remains the world's worst basketball arena. Center court rests approximately on second base, and the nearest box seats, priced at $10, are a smartly hit fungo away. The distance muffles the cheering and seems to dampen the enthusiasm, if there is any for the pros in Houston. In the past two years the city has sent an ABA franchise off to friendlier territory in North Carolina and killed off an NBA expansion team before it could even hire its first player.

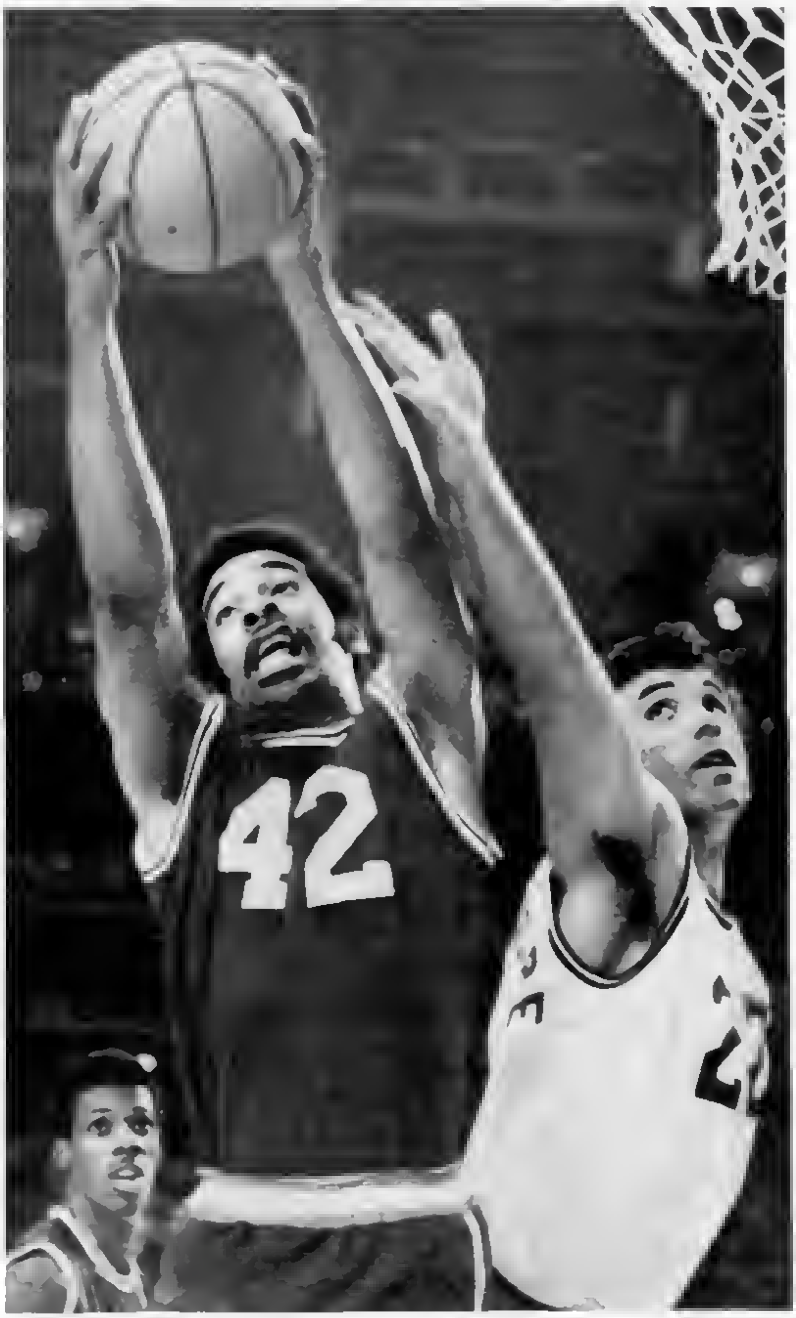
Larry Fleisher, the attorney for the NBA Players Association, who had been investigating the possibility of an interleague All-Star Game for a year, explained the choice of Houston: "Originally, we thought about playing it in Mexico City because our association's convention was held in Acapulco this spring. But we decided against that because we thought it would look like the players were running away. Also we didn't want to antagonize anyone by putting it in a city with a pro franchise."

When Robertson, the president of the NBA Players Association, announced the game, he called it a charity affair—the Whitney Young Foundation received about $25,000 from the gate receipts after the Astrodome took its 17.5% and the players associations took their expenses off the top. But the players turned out to be the main beneficiaries. The income from television was split three ways, among the participants in the game and the two players groups.

Robertson also insisted that the main purpose of the game would be to prove that the leagues could compete on the court without a merger, which NBA players oppose. Nothing could have been farther from the minds of ABA players, most of whom favor the merger. Until the game began, the ABA seemed to occupy the same position in the promotion as the stooge teams that travel around with the Harlem Globetrotters. The pregame moods, and stature, of the two teams were clearly reflected by their coaches at a luncheon the preceding day. NBA Coach Bill Russell, whose many extraordinary achievements include three seasons as coach of the champion Celtics, said, "You have to be a genius to coach this team. I am, so I will. I'll tell the guys they gotta make one pass each in the game. Otherwise, they're on their own." Russell was then shown an open letter of challenge from the ABA players which had taken up a full page in a Houston newspaper. He was urged to hang it on the locker-room wall, to get his team up. "It wouldn't make any difference," he said. "None of my guys can read. They've all been on scholarship since the third grade."

Opposing Russell was Larry Brown, the 5′ 9″ guard of the Denver Rockets. Brown's coaching experience totals two years with the University of North Carolina freshmen. "I just hope we don't embarrass ourselves," he said.

The owners' moods were similarly diverse. Some vigorously opposed the game, agreeing with Kentucky President Mike Storen, who said, "Any club with a star doesn't want to call him in and tell him not to go down there, but if the owners are going to take a firm stand, they've got to do just that. They must remind the player that he's being paid thousands of dollars and he has a contract to live up to." The standard con-



Willie Wise (42) gave Dave DeBusschere fits before the NBA's big boys took control.

tracts of both leagues contain a clause that forbids participation in exhibition games without the written permission of the player's team. Even Storen admits the weakness of the owners' position, however, because they have never invoked the clause in the past. For years players have performed in formal summer leagues in New York and Philadelphia and in the Maurice Stokes benefit game without asking for permission. None was ever disciplined.

Without Alcindor to control the middle, the NBA found itself weakest in the position where it was supposed to have been strongest. The ABA's Mel Daniels and Zelmo Beaty outscored Nate Thurmond and Elvin Hayes 25–20 and outrebounded them 21-19. The score was tied at the end of the first period, and the NBA led by a basket at the half, but the players from the older league appeared sluggish, rarely running effective breaks and defending loosely.

Midway in the third period, after the ABA had built a seven-point lead, the NBA showed by its increased aggressiveness that it finally realized the other league's team was stronger than anticipated. The NBA's bigger forwards, particularly Dave DeBusschere, took control of the rebounds. At guard, Earl Monroe, Robertson, Dave Bing and Walt Frazier started to penetrate, as the ABA's Charlie Scott did throughout the game. Frazier, who was the high scorer with 26 points and who had several steals, worked clear for jump shots, hitting 11 of 16. The other three backcourt men, none of whom the ABA was able to guard without fouling, wheeled into the middle. They scored only eight field goals among them but shot 26 free throws in the second half. In all, the NBA took 70 foul shots and missed 30—an indication of how rusty some of the players had become. "I know one thing, I'll never come to a game like this again without being in shape," said Thurmond, who was 1 for 5 from the field and 1 for 6 from the foul line. "I figured I'd only play about 12 minutes and let Lew do the rest."

The NBA's noticeable increase in combativeness helped build a 10-point lead by the middle of the fourth quarter. But the ABA, proving it could compete even when everyone was clearly playing hard, cut the edge to one point in the final minute. With the ABA's rules and ball being used in the second half, the new league's All-Stars still had a chance to tie the game on a three-point field goal with 0:32 remaining. But Frazier forced a turnover on the inbounds pass to protect his team's lead.

In their locker room later, the NBA players quietly praised some of the ABA's stars—Scott, Daniels and Willie Wise, who shot, rebounded and defended well—and agreed that Rick Barry, who once had led them in scoring, had not suffered from competing in the other league. Russell, who also had warmed to the contest in the second half, gave perhaps the final indication of acceptance when he asked an ABA visitor, "Hey, where do I get one of those red, white and blue balls?" END

POINTING UP the advantages of building sport's most expensive stadium are prominent backers Louisiana Governor John McKeithen (right), New Orleans Mayor Moon Landrieu (bottom right) and Impresario Dave Dixon.

LET ME MAKE ONE THING CLEAR

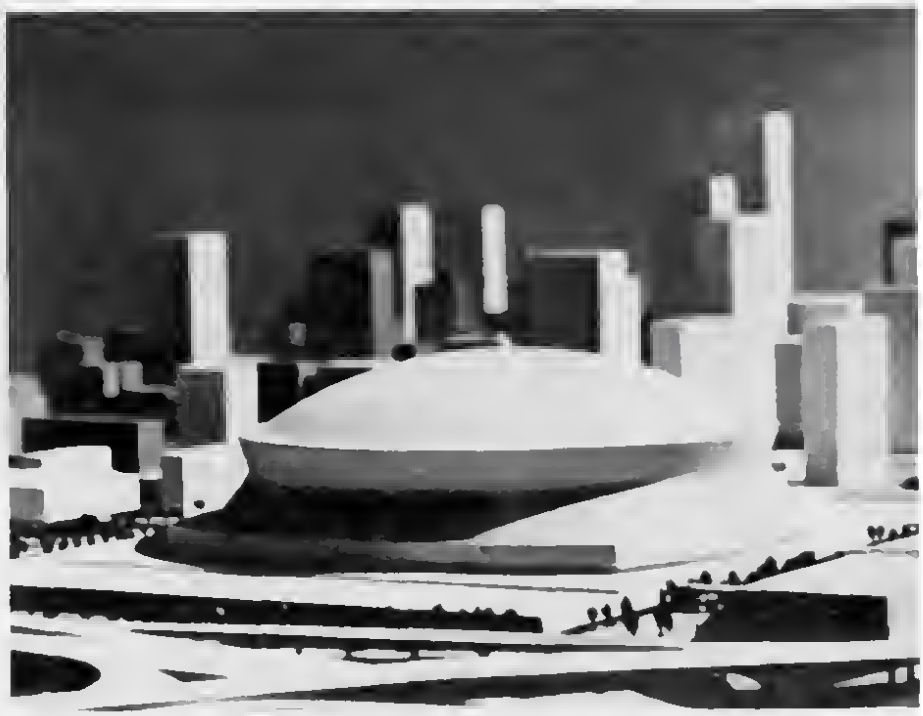
. . . New Orleans will have a $130 million pleasura dome, or so say top politicians. But tha project is threatenad by monumental costs and hints of dark deeds ***by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM***

One thing about the Louisiana Superdome everyone will readily concede is that it shapes up as the Taj Mahal of sport. Beyond that, don't look for agreement on anything. Uncertainty over the proposed stadium persisted last week, even as demolition workers, hard-muscled men like Sylvester Williams, finished clearing a 30-square-block site for it in downtown New Orleans "They got a disputement about the stadium," Williams confided, dismounting one afternoon from a dump truck. "I don't know if they'll ever build it."

Similar thoughts have been troubling people who have toiled even more intimately to build the 80,000-seat domed stadium. If constructed, it will be one of the world's most capacious buildings, in a league with St. Peter's Basilica and the Pentagon. It will be a sporting palace only slightly less believable than the extravaganzas being dreamed up for it. For example, Dave Dixon, its executive director, talks of staging eight high school basketball games simultaneously. To minimize the confusion, the referees would use whistles of different pitch. That scheme was greeted with incredulity when the ebullient Dixon first advanced it, although it certainly fared better than a suggestion to use the Superdome for bullfighting, a sport that state authorities consider illegal.

Indeed, there seem to be some people cynical enough to question almost everything about the Louisiana Superdome, starting with its price tag of $129.5 million. That would be a grand sum under any circumstances (the Houston Astrodome cost $31.6 million), but what makes it even harder to accept is that when Louisiana voters approved a domed stadium by better than 3 to 1 back in 1966, the cost was put at $35 million. When the figure began to grow shortly afterward, the stadium's No. 1 supporter, flamboyant and football-loving Governor John J. McKeithen, shook his head and drawled, "Well, we're not gonna let a couple of million dollars stop us," a vow he has repeated in so many words every time the estimated cost, possessing what seems like a life of its own, has risen. The increase now amounts to 270%.

At a time when the subject of constructing stadiums is kicking up controversy across the U.S.—in New York, Detroit, Buffalo, Kansas City—the battle of New Orleans is fiercest of all. Opponents have dragged the matter into 20 courtrooms, a burden of litigation that has forced a second postponement in the sale of construction bonds, this at a moment of growing sluggishness in financial markets. Meanwhile, charging that the domed stadium involved some of the worst shenanigans ever perpetrated on an electorate that has suffered many, some representatives in the state legislature upriver in Baton Rouge tried to resubmit the issue to another statewide vote. Debate became so heated one day last week that two bristling Senators squared off on the floor of the legislature.



TO BREAK EVEN, THE STADIUM MUST TAKE IN $35,000 EACH DAY IN RENTAL REVENUE

Although they had beaten back every judicial and legislative challenge so far, such fervent Superdome supporters as Dixon and New Orleans Mayor Moon Landrieu could not altogether rule out the possibility that the project might somehow be killed. "Any jackass can kick a barn down," said the stocky, wavy-haired Landrieu, smoking an after-lunch cigar beneath the overhead fans of Antoine's. "Anybody can call somebody a thief or a crook."

But the person really on the defensive is McKeithen, whose ardent support for any New Orleans project is a departure in a state where governors traditionally make political whipping boys out of the New Orleans city slickers. A second-term Democrat who affects country ways even while he evidences periodic, and very sophisticated, ambitions for national office, McKeithen bravely insists, "I thought this here stadium was a good thing at $35 million, you follow me? And I think it's an even better thing now." The governor blames inflation and runaway construction costs for part of the increase, attributing the rest to changes in original stadium plans—greater seating capacity, for example, that would, he promises, produce revenue to more than offset the increased costs.

He further argues that the Superdome, by stimulating tourism and helping attract industry, would indirectly generate $100 million a year in "economic benefits" for Louisiana and come as a godsend to New Orleans, a city with urban woes as thick as creole gumbo. Those

continued

troubles, including a decaying port, slum housing and crumbling streets, were brought on at least in part by New Orleans' notorious civic tightfistedness for anything other than bigger and better Mardi Gras floats. Then one magnolia-perfumed morning the city woke to find itself in involuntary secession from the New South, epitomized by Atlanta and—more disturbing by far—its Gulf Coast rival, Houston.

The appeal of anchoring a civic revival to a stadium, however, went beyond the obvious pleasure that would come from consigning Houston's Astrodome, with its paltry 50,000 seats, to obsolescence. New Orleans is a rabid sports town, especially for football. Still, voices were heard—and their volume increased with distance from New Orleans—to the effect that the money could be better spent. The *Baton Rouge Morning Advocate* calculated that for the sum, a $156-a-month raise could be given to every municipal policeman in the state for the next 20 years. Nor did all the opposition come from outside the city. The *Vieux Carré Courier*, a New Orleans weekly, said the Superdome raised the specter of "an economy based largely on sports events." Yet other opponents must have been unclear which sports events the paper had in mind. They pointed to the rather remarkable fact that Dave Dixon, for all his talk about high school basketball, could not claim a single permanent tenant. He could only hope that the showplace would help lure a big-league baseball franchise, and while both Tulane and the New Orleans Saints were expected to play on the Superdome's artificial turf, neither, concerned as they were about the prospect of high rentals, had yet committed itself to abandoning the 80,000-seat Tulane Stadium in favor of the new facility.

As the state legislature convened in mid-May, tensions over the Superdome were heightened by continuing charges of wrongdoing in high places and by a wide-open gubernatorial primary, one in which the stadium was definitely a hot issue. The race is to succeed McKeithen, who is prohibited from a third successive term but is threatening to run for the U.S. Senate or come back in four years to seek the governorship again.

Either way, McKeithen professes to welcome the chance to stake his political future on the domed-stadium issue. "Let 'em lay that dome right on me," he boomed as he paced the floor of the governor's mansion one morning recently, his handsome square-jawed face working on a wad of gum. "I'll come out of that chute a-snortin' and a-pawin'." Then he sat down, as if it were necessary to conserve energy for the task, and discussed his accomplishments, which ranged from attracting new industry to helping Louisiana retain nickel pay phones. It is the only state offering such a bargain.

He soon returned to the subject of the Superdome. Working his gum more furiously, he lit into State Senator John Schwegmann, a candidate for governor and the Superdome's prime opponent. "That man's an opportunist, you follow me?" said McKeithen, shaking his head. "He votes agin' everything. Why he even votes 'no' when they call roll." He laughed, pleased with his own joke. It was time to leave for his office and McKeithen strode from the room, pausing momentarily at the mansion's front door to remove the tags—$85, 46 long—from the sleeve of his new white linen suit.

Five minutes later the governor arrived at the remarkable state capitol, an ornate 34-story office tower put up during the Depression—as a monument to himself, Louisianians agreed—by Huey Long, who in his eagerness to serve the people once occupied the offices of U.S. Senator and governor simultaneously for 14 months before reluctantly surrendering the latter. Passing near the spot where Long was fatally wounded by an assassin in 1935, McKeithen rode an elevator marked FOR GOVERNOR ONLY to his fourth-floor office. Inside, he found a box of cigars on his desk, a gift from John Schwegmann.

This was no peace offering, for Schwegmann has a reputation of being a most stubborn adversary. Owner of a chain of nine suburban New Orleans supermarkets, Schwegmann opposed the domed stadium from the start, even though it was originally supposed to cost the state nothing. Under the measure approved by voters in 1966, the Superdome was to be financed by a 4% hotel-motel tax in New Orleans and neighboring Jefferson Parish, with the state explicitly prohibited from putting its credit on the line. Then two years ago, when rising cost estimates made it clear that the hotel tax would no longer be sufficient, McKeithen sidestepped that prohibition by signing a lease between the state and the stadium—an agreement with himself, in effect, since he is also chairman of the stadium commission. It provided that the state's "rental" would take the form of making up any deficits that the stadium might incur.

Although conceding that the lease was probably legal, Schwegmann notes that its effect was to put the state's credit squarely behind the Superdome and fumes that "it's plain morally wrong." Schwegmann is a rumpled little man, an improbable gubernatorial entry, but in a field almost as crowded as this year's Kentucky Derby, he is given a long-shot chance, shades of Canonero II, to ride the stadium issue to victory. The Democratic primary is five months off, but he has been driving around for weeks in his Coupe de Ville with foot-high lettering, SCHWEGMANN FOR GOVERNOR, SAVE LOUISIANA, telling anybody who will listen that the Superdome is "a clear case of fraud and deception."

Not at all reluctant to mix business and politics, Schwegmann has thrown his supermarkets into the fray, to the extent of including in his full-page grocery ads, cheek by jowl with notices of 49¢-a-pound fresh river catfish, campaign pitches warning voters that the domed stadium is being (strange imagery for a grocery ad) "railroaded and ramrodded down their throats." Seated the other day in his office, a glass-enclosed aerie overlooking the check-out counters of one of his stores—where clerks heap groceries into shopping bags identifying him as THE MAN WHO FIGHTS FOR YOUR INTERESTS—Schwegmann predicted that the stadium controversy would end in scandal.

"There's somethin' stinkin' in Denmark," he said, banging his fist on his desk. Across the room his secretary, Miss White, a handsome, middle-aged woman who wears her hair in a chignon, freely joined in the discussion. "It'll all come out in the wash," Schwegmann said, and Miss White added, "Fraud and deception, that's what it is."

Already there have been reports of attempts to solicit kickbacks from construction companies. Anti-Superdome forces accuse McKeithen of using state deposits as a weapon to blackjack a group of Louisiana banks into buying the $16.5 million worth of bonds that were used to purchase and raze the stadium site. They also point out, accurately

continued

What a good time for all the good things of a Kent.

KENT

WITH THE FAMOUS MICRONITE® FILTER

Mild, smooth taste. King Size or 100's

King Size, 16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; 100's, 19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '70.

© Lorillard 1971

THE LITTLE CAR THAT GROWS ON YOU.

There are two ways of looking at the Vega Hatchback Coupe.

One, you can look at it as a sporty little 2-seater which, unlike most sporty little 2-seaters, has a back seat you can flip up on those rare occasions when you have three or four people aboard.

Or you can look at it as a sporty little 4-seater which, unlike a lot of sporty little 4-seaters, has a back seat you can flip down when you have a lot of stuff to haul, like on Saturday.

The Vega Hatchback was designed from the outset to be a Hatchback.

It isn't an afterthought.

It is a beautifully balanced, beautifully engineered car with a lot more than just a lot of loadspace to entice you.

There's Vega's surprisingly responsive overhead cam engine, for example. And standard front disc brakes. A double-panel steel roof, side-guard beams in the doors, a 50,000-mile air cleaner, foam-filled seats front and rear, even an electric fuel pump that cuts out to stop the car if the oil pressure ever drops too low.

Vega. It grows on you.

And it's growing on America.

GM

Buckle your seat and shoulder belts.
It's an idea you can live with

VEGA
CHEVROLET

enough, that relatives of Dave Dixon own property directly across from the site, while stadium supporters counter that Schwegmann wants the stadium built adjacent to real estate he owns in Jefferson Parish.

As this last suggests, stadium opponents are coming in for blows, too. In its January 1971 issue, *New Orleans* magazine reported at great length that John Joseph Watermeier Jr., president of an anti-dome group with the unfortunate name of HONEST, Inc., had been convicted in 1952 on nine counts of falsifying federal job applications. And, as if to mock Schwegmann's own practice of mixing business with politics, circulars appeared on the Senate floor a couple of weeks ago recounting the time that federal agents caught his supermarkets punching holes in blocks of cheese and selling it as Swiss.

As the crossfire grew more intense, the man most often caught in the middle appeared to be Dixon. His detractors could not resist commenting—if *only to talk about a different dome for* a change—on a dramatic reversal of his once-receding hairline. The new growth is waggishly referred to as "Astro-hair." Dixon gives the impression of a man helpless before an onslaught of ideas that keep occurring to him. He had a hand in bringing pro football to New Orleans and in starting World Championship Tennis (SI, Feb. 12, 1968), but wound up on the outside in both deals. The Superdome is the creation of Dixon at his most imaginative. Besides having most of the features of the Houston Astrodome, such as air conditioning, plush skyboxes and a stadium club, the projected stadium will have novel touches such as giant overhead TV screens, which will show spectators instant replays and locker-room interviews just as if they were back in their living rooms. The Superdome will also be more flexible, with grandstands that move on rails embedded beneath rollback artificial turf. This will make it possible to set up cozy arenalike configurations of 25,000 seats or less for sports like professional tennis and basketball.

But mostly the stadium will be just plain bigger. Where the Astrodome boasts that an 18-story building would fit under its roof, the New Orleans stadium could fit the Astrodome under *its* roof. Awesome as it sounds, Dixon has to persuade everyone that it makes economic sense. Just to break even, to meet the interest on the bonds and pay operating expenses, the stadium will have to take in rental revenues of at least $35,000 each and every day of the year, roughly equivalent to the rental paid for a Super Bowl game.

The financial picture seems all the bleaker when one realizes that the Houston Astrodome, built six years ago, has only gradually increased the number of days it is used to 145 and then only because of a baseball team—an asset that New Orleans lacks. Undaunted, Dixon cites studies showing that the Superdome would after a few years of modest deficits start generating profits that would mount to $60 million over 30 years. "We said in 1966 that this thing would be self-supporting, no matter what the cost," insists Dixon. "Well, that's as true today as it was then."

Dixon's projections assume that the Superdome will wind up with Tulane and the Saints plus, at the very least, a big-league baseball franchise shared with *another city. They also count on rev*enues from the stadium's 5,000-car garage and from commercials Dixon expects to sell on those giant TV screens. He plans, moreover, something that few, if any, sports facilities have dared impose on their captive audiences: pay toilets. With the price pegged at a dime, twice as much as a phone call, one Dixon-hired research firm went out and studied the market and then concluded that this source would yield exactly $102,000 in annual income.

Even forces friendly to the stadium have accused Dixon of occasionally overselling it, giving rise to speculation that in the interest of defusing the controversy, his job might be on the line. But nothing of the sort is likely to soothe such an ardent Superdome foe as Joseph Bernstein, a lawyer for HONEST, Inc., whose home on New Orleans' elegant St. Charles Avenue—a replica, complete with 40-foot columns, of Tara in *Gone With the Wind*—is only scarcely more modest than the building he is fighting.

The house is within walking distance of Tulane Stadium, and Bernstein, an alumnus, argues that it would destroy an important part of the university's tradition if the facility that hosts the annual Sugar Bowl were torn down, as domed-stadium supporters advocate. Beyond that, Bernstein sees the Superdome as a demogogic plot to divert a populace in need of better housing and jobs with circuses instead. "The stadium is a Tower of Babel that will destroy Louisiana," Bernstein gloomily predicted as he sipped a Jack Daniel's late one evening in his book-lined study. "It could be the last gasp of a decadent and dying civilization."

THE OPPOSITION: gubernatorial candidate John Schwegmann calls the plan scandalous.

Should the stadium be built over such dire protests, not even Bernstein is likely to complain if it is called McKeithen Stadium, since he and other Superdome opponents regard it as the governor's monument to himself—the same thing everyone said about Huey Long and the high-rise state capitol. But it is illegal nowadays to name a public building in Louisiana for a living person, a prohibition enacted not long after an airport named for one of Huey Long's henchmen had to be rechristened when the fellow was indicted for income-tax evasion. Of course, a statue of McKeithen could always be erected, but even that became less likely when a $28,000 sculpture allowance was pared recently from the Superdome's budget. It was an economy move that few Louisianians seemed to notice. **END**

A GAME MAN MIGHT RISK A BET

The odds are probably a million to one against any golfer winning the Grand Slam, the sport's four major championships, but next year the best players—and a bettor—might have an edge ***by JACK NICKLAUS***

No matter how good he is or how good he thinks he is, there is not a golfer playing today who can realistically plan his entire competitive year around winning all four of golf's major championships—the Masters, the U.S. Open, the British Open, the PGA—and thus achieve the modern game's version of a Grand Slam. Each year would result in a big letdown if a golfer made the Slam his sole aim because the odds against achieving it are astronomical. And yet there are years and there are years. I am convinced that with the right set of golf courses, a little luck and a great deal of careful preparation the Grand Slam can be won. Next year may be such a year. I am also convinced that as each leg fell, the next leg, contrary to what you might think, would be that much easier to capture.

Of course, when you talk about a Grand Slam you mention it in connection with only a handful of golfers who really have had or will have a chance, the Joneses, Hagens, Hogans, Palmers, Players and just a few others who are currently active. To have any kind of shot at the Slam a golfer must possess a very strong, well-rounded game, one without basic flaws. That is an obvious must. Even the best players suffer shotmaking weaknesses from time to time, but they can iron these out through careful preparation for each major event. To a golfer of this caliber, pressure is something that tends to produce better play, not worse. Pressure is something that will frighten only the pro who is not absolutely sure of himself and of what he is doing. What I believe would happen to the man fortunate enough to win the first two legs of the Slam is that he would then develop such superconfidence about his game that it could possibly carry him right through to the final victory.

THE AUTHOR, FOR ONE, BELIEVES THE BEST SLAM CHANCE OF HIS LIFE MAY BE IN '72

Something like that must surely have happened to Ben Hogan in 1953. That year he started out by winning the Masters by five shots. Two months later he took the U.S. Open by six shots. Then he went to Carnoustie in Scotland and won the British Open by four shots. In those days the PGA was a match-play tournament, and the winner had to survive 36 holes of golf for five consecutive days. Even so, Hogan might have won the grueling PGA Championship except for the fact that it was held during the same week as the British Open.

Superconfidence has almost always been part of Arnold Palmer's mental approach to golf, and you could certainly see it working for him during 1960 when he made such a good run at winning the Slam. Like Hogan in 1953, Palmer dominated the major championships of 1960, but his method was quite a bit more hair-raising: a birdie-birdie finish to win the Masters by one shot, a final-round 65 to win the U.S. Open by two shots and finally his loss in the British Open at St. Andrews by a single stroke to Kel Nagle. Hogan came as close to a Grand Slam as the schedule would allow, and Palmer barely missed repeating Ben's triple (Arnold finished seventh that year in the PGA). These two per-

formances demonstrate that the Slam is not an impossible goal.

To a betting man, the picture should look something like this. At the start of the season the odds against a Grand Slam seem incalculable, let us say one million to one. The right player winning the first tournament, usually the Masters, might bring the odds down to 1,000 to one. Then, should he win the U.S. Open, the superconfidence factor would become such a great asset I would say that the odds against his completing the Grand Slam would drop to less than 10 to one. By that time I think his confidence would be so high that he would not even consider the possibility of losing. And you cannot overestimate the power of confidence to inspire great golf.

It seems to me that 1972 will provide the best opportunity in a long while for someone to win the Grand Slam. This is because of the quality—in a sense, the difficulty—of the golf courses on which the four championships will be held. The Masters is always at Augusta and I do not need to elaborate on what a fine layout that is. The U.S. Open will be at Pebble Beach, the British Open at Muirfield and the PGA at Oakland Hills. These are all courses that put a high premium on fine, all-round shotmaking. Consequently, the number of players capable of winning each championship will be greatly reduced. Often a major event is played on a course where the winner gets by only because he can scramble around the greens and putt well. This will not be the case next year, so there is much less likelihood that a long shot will finish first in a major event.

Given these favorable circumstances, I know that several players will be making a special effort to score a Slam next year. They can be thankful that the Slam they seek is not the one that Amateur Bobby Jones won back in 1930. Jones' medal-play victories in the U.S. Open and British Open were considerably easier than they would be today because there were only eight or 10 golfers he really had to worry about beating. Today there are perhaps 60 players who are potential winners. But I, for one, would never trade stroke-play conditions for the match-play ordeals Jones had to go through in the British and U.S. Amateurs that year. For example, in the British championship he had to survive seven rounds of 18-hole match play and then a 36-hole final. No matter how well Jones performed, he could have been put out of either tournament in an early round if one of his opponents happened to have a hot streak. You can control your own medal score by good play, but what control do you have over a hot round by somebody else on a certain morning?

My short-lived attempt at trying for a Slam this year at least provides an example of one way to go about it. This year the first major event, the PGA, was scheduled in February. Normally I go to the West Coast in late January for two or three tournaments, just to get in some golf and some relaxation. I build myself up gradually for the Florida tournaments where I really go to work in earnest preparing for the Masters. This year, with the PGA so early, I played hard in the California tournaments, practiced a great deal on returning home to Florida and, by the time of the championship, my game was in good shape all around.

As a result of my PGA victory I decided to compete in only two Florida tournaments prior to the Masters. At Augusta you have to hit the ball high and drop it softly on the greens. In Florida you fight the wind constantly, trying to keep the ball down, and you are forced to hit shots off thin, dormant Bermuda turf. It is a different game. So I played only at Doral and Jacksonville, where the courses, if not exactly like Augusta National, require more or less the same kinds of shots. I was therefore able to go into the Masters with the same swing that had won the PGA. The only problem really was to control the impatience that began to build during the six weeks between major tournaments. As we were packing to leave for Augusta, I

continued

BOBBY JONES WAS ACCLAIMED IN THE STREETS OF MANHATTAN DURING HIS SLAM YEAR

said to my wife, "Barbara, if I win the Masters, I'm going to be twice as miserable to live with as I was between the PGA and now." What happens is that you get your mind channeled down, focused on one thing to the exclusion of all else. When I get in that frame of mind some of my friends have a phrase that describes me, "a German with blinders." Fortunately, Barbara understands and has been great about it.

At Augusta, instead of having to hone a new swing the way I usually do, I arrived with just the one I wanted. All I had to do was round it off. I was better prepared for the 1971 Masters than for any tournament I have ever played in. I felt that every facet of my game was in shape. I did not seem to be having any trouble with anything, which for me is extremely rare. I cannot recall any tournament before where I did not have at least one or two weak shots that I would be scared to play. This is where pressure will bother you. If you do not successfully pull off that particular weak shot when you need it, you lose confidence. Then all of a sudden this lack of confidence multiplies and begins eroding the rest of your game.

I certainly did not have that problem at Augusta. I had the kind of confidence that is likely to build up in any player making his run at the Slam. All week long I *knew* I was going to win the tournament. With six or seven holes to play on the final day I was tied for the lead and I still *knew* I was going to win. I figured I was certain to birdie the par-5s, 13 and 15, and even an eagle might pop up very easily. I have won three times at Augusta and so by now I also know how you have to play 14, 16, 17 and 18. I know where the danger spots are, how to get safe pars and how to charge the holes for birdies. I felt that I would get at least one birdie out of that group and that would be what was needed to win. I am not the only player who gets this kind of feeling in a tournament, but it only happens to any of us once in a while. You do not feel the least bit scared, for a change. You are prepared and know you are going to play well and do well. You know that it is going to happen. And usually it seems to work out that way.

AN EASY VICTOR IN THREE 1953 EVENTS, BEN HOGAN COULD NOT PLAY IN FOURTH

But sometimes it does not work out. I did not get the birdies on that final stretch at Augusta; Charles Coody did. To say the least, I was disappointed. The last time I had a similar feeling was in 1964 when I set my heart on winning my second straight Masters, did not win it and then permitted the subsequent letdown (SI, June 1, 1964) to ruin my whole year. Now I am older and better equipped to handle such a situation. After Augusta this year Barbara and I and our four children went to the Bahamas and at the end of a week I was not even thinking about golf. Soon after, I was back on the tour, back on a regular schedule and I am now thinking positively about the U.S. Open at Merion three weeks from now.

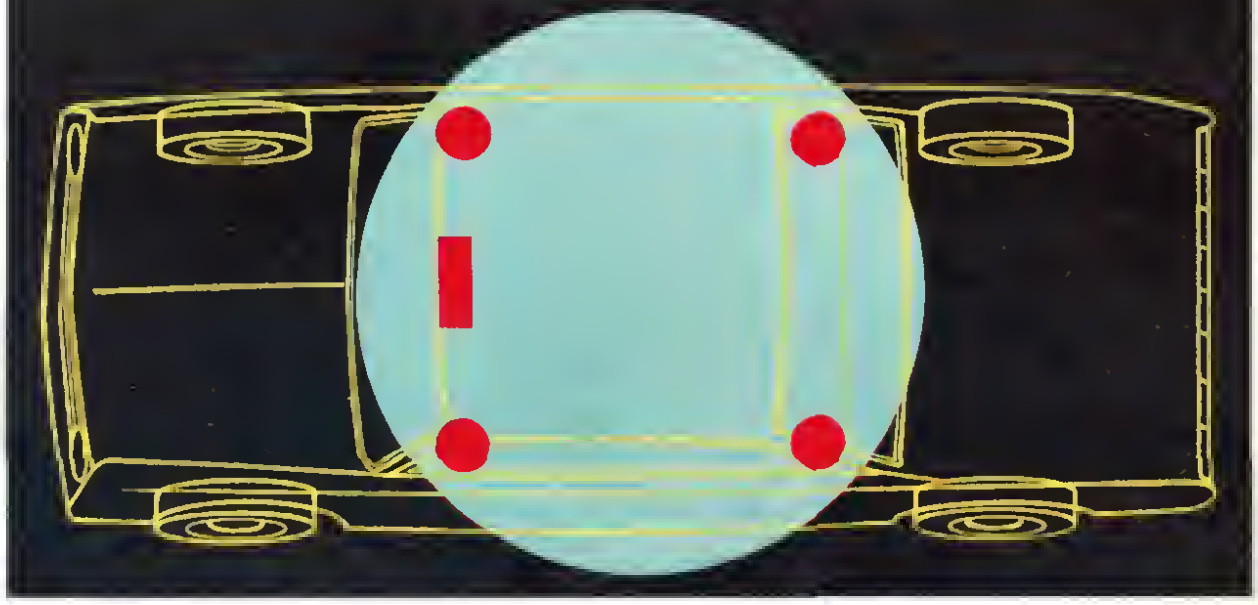
So much for Jack Nicklaus and 1971. Now let us say it is 1972 and we have a Masters champion who is looking forward to the U.S. Open at Pebble Beach. It is Slam time again. He will have two months between the tournaments, but it is the second month that is critical. What he should probably do after the Masters is take a couple of weeks off, get away from the pressure and excitement of the tour, returning to a less hectic, more reflective state of mind. This is important, I think, because it is so easy to get mentally and physically untracked after winning a major tournament and it is very hard to get back in the groove again. He will want to return to competition for one or two weeks between the Masters and the Open, but he will have to pick his spots carefully, playing only on courses that call for the same kind of shotmaking that Pebble Beach requires. Everyone on the tour knows Pebble Beach, since we play it each January in the Bing Crosby. Then it is wet and lush. But Pebble Beach in June is quite a different proposition—the weather is warmer, the course can be hard and dry, playing fast the way a true links should. The Masters champion will therefore want to get to Monterey a week or so early to study the course under these changed conditions and to adjust his game.

Suppose all goes well and the Masters champion now becomes the U.S. Open champion and has two legs on

continued

NOW FROM MOTOROLA

WRAP-AROUND SOUND 4-CHANNEL 8-TRACK TAPE PLAYER



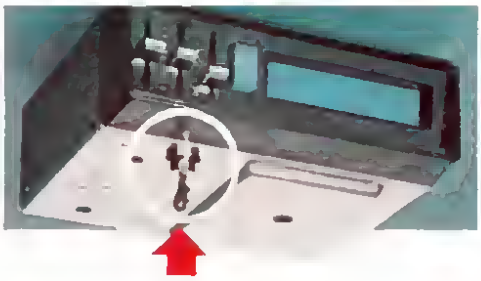
If you've ever heard sound like this at home, you live in an awfully expensive neighborhood.

Motorola's TM 920 S 4-channel sound tape player wraps the sound around you.

It comes complete with 4 built-in amplifiers and 4 Deluxe 5¾" Golden Voice Speakers matched to circuitry. Four distinct, separate channels of sound put you right smack in the middle of the music. You *feel the sound as well* as hear it. Plays both 2-channel and 4-channel tapes.

Every time you listen, it's a happening on wheels. Ask your Motorola dealer to make it happen to you. Today.

Also from MOTOROLA



AM-FM STEREO RADIO with dual tone control, choice of manual or push button tuning. 4 speakers optional. FM 481

TOOL STEEL LOCK OPTIONAL on TM716S also 717S.

2-CHANNEL, 8-TRACK STEREO the one with the blue face and the beautiful voice, program indicator, slide control, left-right volume control, speaker kit optional. TM716S.

MOTOROLA®

SOMETHING ELSE in sound on wheels

Remember the name.
Because you will never forget the taste.

Its name:
Sir Robert Burnett's White Satin Gin.
Its taste: crisply British, nobly dry,
unforgettably smooth. Its destiny:
to prove that a great martini gin
will make your collins or tonic
stand taller than ever.

Sir Robert **BURNETT'S**
White Satin Gin

One sip, and you'll know why its maker was knighted.

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN 90 PROOF DISTILLED FROM GRAIN THE SIR ROBERT BURNETT CO., BALTIMORE, MD

the Slam. Then comes the British Open, possibly the most critical test of all. For a really good player, the British Open can be the easiest of the major championships to win. The reason for this is that so few players are accustomed to the special conditions — the turf, the gorse, the deep rough, the wind, the strange bounces, the hard greens and possibly the smaller British ball. Adjusting takes study and experience. Tony Lema went over to St. Andrews in 1964 and won the British Open after playing only one practice round, but Lema was having an amazing streak of golf at the time. That kind of thing is not going to happen very often. I think that anyone who really wants to win the British Open should go over immediately after the U.S. Open and start getting ready. This is what Hogan did in 1953 when he took the championship at Carnoustie. The golfer should arrive early enough to become better prepared than anyone else to deal with the unusual conditions. Sure, other players could do that, too. But only a few *will* do it and only a few of those will be able to adjust even if they try.

Which brings us to the PGA at Oakland Hills and perhaps the completion of the one million-to-one gamble. It is nice to muse on the possibility of a Grand Slam. I am as optimistic about my own chances as it is possible to be. This year was the first time I ever felt that I was playing well enough to win it, and my game seems to be improving each year. I am more experienced, more mature in my approach to each shot.

I sincerely hope that someone will be able to make a real run at the Slam and give the public a taste of real drama again. Golf has not had much drama in the past decade, hardly any since Palmer came along in 1960 and started out so well. Now the game badly needs some excitement.

Of course, my theory about superconfidence could be all wrong. Maybe someone will win the first three major events, and then be in such a nervous state from all the fuss and the tremendous effort involved getting even that far that he will find it hard just to make the cut in the PGA. I don't know for certain how I or anyone else would react in that situation, but there are a number of us who would love to find out. **END**

Dunlop it! Your second set of tires is your first real choice. Choose right. Choose the best of the belteds from Dunlop . . . the Gold Seal "78" Twin Belt, with tough Fiberglass belts that mean strength and safety and long mileage. And built wide and rugged, with the grab and grip of exclusive Dunlop 7-rib anti-aquaplaning tread that throws off water, keeps rubber and road together. Dunlop it. You'll discover that Dunlop quality costs no more. Your Dunlop dealer is in the Yellow Pages. Dunlop, Buffalo, New York 14240.

DUNLOP

Drive carefully. Use Dunlop tires, golf balls and clubs.

To my
Grandson Robert
my Grandfather
gave me this watch,
pass it on
to your Grandson

Gruen.®

Timepieces and Heirlooms
Toronto • Bienne • Geneva • New York

NEW BREED NEW IDEAS NEW TAXES

Breeders of thoroughbred horses tend to be forced out of California by an escalating tax structure, but a few men with money, nerve and imagination have bucked the tide to create stud farms that are models of efficiency

by ALFRED WRIGHT

It is a piece of the dream of so many of them when they come over the mountains at Crestline or Banning and look down for the first time on the great Los Angeles basin stretching away to the sea. Like the Okies of the '30s and the aircraft workers of the war years and the losers who followed them from the slums of the big cities, they all look down and dream of the house they will one day own and the new car and the swimming pool and—if things work out—a ranch. California has been doing that to its immigrants for a century, and sometimes the dream comes true.

To see how it does, drive east on Route 60 from Los Angeles and then south on U.S. 395 into the heart of the great basin that will one day be a land as dry and eroded as man's ancestral valley in Mesopotamia. Keep south through the valley with the gentle Santa Ana Mountains on your right and the jagged San Jacinto range to the east. Along the way are places with names like Ontario, Chino, Perris, Hemet, Murrieta, Temecula and Escondido—names that do not instinctively come to mind when you think of Saratoga, Belmont and Churchill Downs. Yet it is here that a lucky few who came over the mountains have built their ranches and raised their thoroughbreds, in some ways—if not quite exactly—like the Vanderbilts and Whitneys and Wideners elsewhere. When their luck is running right, they may show up in the front-row boxes with the Eastern toffs at Belmont and Saratoga, sometimes wearing the Stetson and the cowboy boots to flaunt their homeland, but just as often in the Savile Row pinstripes and Maxwell shoes they have learned to adopt as protective coloration around the snazzier courses. The very luckiest may even make it all the way to the winner's circle at Churchill Downs. Rex Ellsworth did, and so did Andy Crevolin. Louis B. Mayer tried harder than any but failed.

When compared with the glorious patterns of the bluegrass farms, the tawny acres of this valley will not capture many hearts. The barns are functional only, the pastures dusty and the thoroughbreds stand apathetically in the hot sun. No effort is spent on showmanship. For the 35 years or so since thoroughbred racing was resurrected in California, this has been the heartland of the breeding industry. This is where the hardboots

function, producing all but a handful of the racing stock with which California would challenge the world.

It was not always thus, and already there are signs it will not always be. To the northwest 150 miles as the jet flies is a softer, lovelier valley called the Santa Ynez. Here the land is verdant and clusters of live oaks dot the rolling foothills across the valley between the paternal ranges on either side. Esthetics alone confirm that this should be the site for California's two most ambitious, spacious, artistic and expensive thoroughbred nurseries of modern times—Flag Is Up Farms, Inc. and Westerly Stud Farms. Unlike their counterparts in Lexington, Ky. or Newmarket, England or The Curragh in Ireland, which they more closely resemble than their home-state neighbors to the south and north, these two farms have not grown casually with the generations. They are instant creations, thrown up overnight, so to speak, but with the devotion to perfection that millions of dollars can buy.

In 1967 Flag Is Up was unfurled here in the Santa Ynez Valley.

Metaphorically, at least, the founders of these two extravagant breeding establishments came over the mountains with their dreams like all the would-be ranchers who preceded them. Hastings Harcourt, the patron of Flag Is Up, came first, a self-styled dropout from his family's famous publishing house. "I had $500 a month and had to scrounge for the other $500," he says airily, now that the millions he has since made from Harcourt, Brace are his to spend as he wishes in the 63rd year of his life. "At the time, in 1943, I thought I'd just pick out the best place to live and let it go on from there."

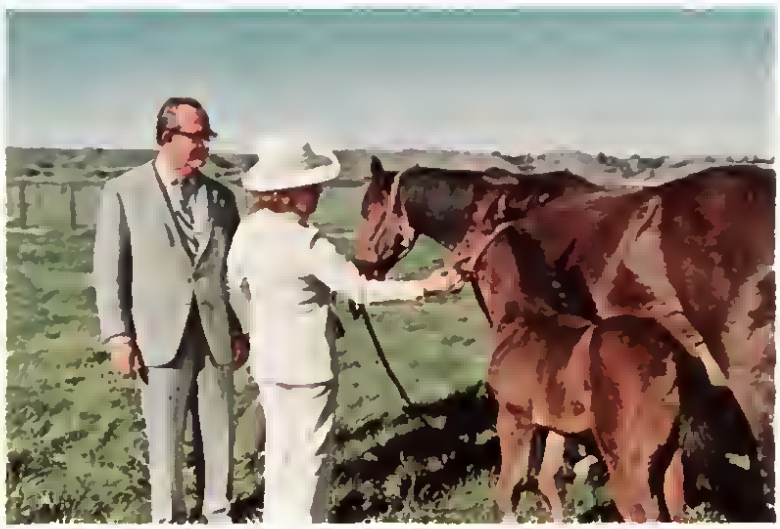
Fletcher Jones, the founder of Westerly and just turned 40, came after the war in the floodtide of California's aerospace industry, a brilliant young boffin of the computer game who directed his talents into the multimillion-dollar Computer Sciences Corporation. As opposite as Ying and Yang, Harcourt and Jones stumbled into thoroughbreds almost simultaneously, neither having spent a day at a racetrack before 1964.

Harcourt was out of the gate with a bigger rush. He had bought a quarter horse for his son, now a successful builder in the Santa Barbara area, and sent the animal to a young trainer at San Luis Obispo named Marvin (Monty) Roberts. Soon the race talk began to intrigue him, and he decided to try a thoroughbred or two with Roberts' help. His first visit to a track to see one of his horses run was like a child's discovery of candy. Harcourt and Roberts began thinking about maybe a little thoroughbred farm in the Santa Ynez, where Harcourt owned a few acres. Aside from its scenic charms, the Santa Ynez was less than an hour's drive from the Harcourt house in Montecito, that stylish suburb of Santa Barbara where Pasadena vacations and rich Easterners retire with their golf sticks and their memories.

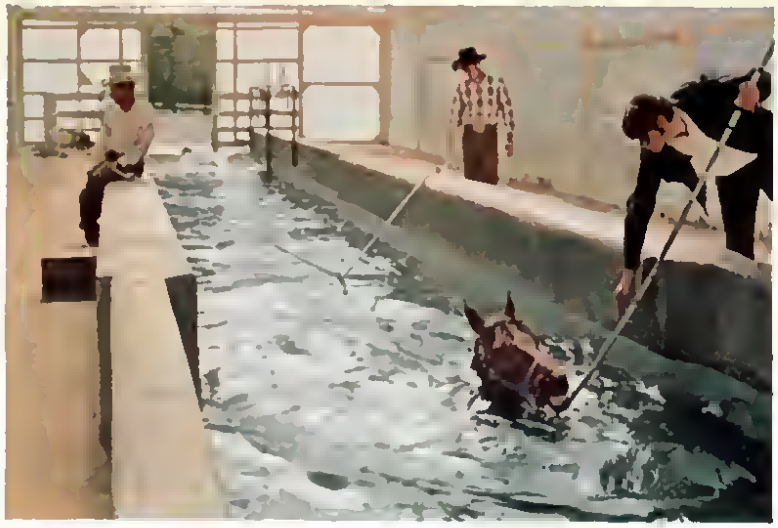
A small thoroughbred farm had been Monty Roberts' dream since childhood when he first started riding in shows and breaking rogues at his father's place in Salinas. "I was drawing pasture plans, horse barns and equine clinics when I was in the second, third and fourth grades," says Roberts. "In English I wrote papers on farm management. In math I wrote a paper on an octagonal foaling barn."

Harcourt, a big man who likes to paint his life with strokes of epic sweep, was just what Roberts needed to go with his visions. Before they were through planning, the two had designed a thoroughbred nursery to rival Claiborne and Calumet. The year was 1966, and the two partners were ready with checkbook and shovel when a rare wave of caution swept over Harcourt. "The Vietnam war was growing, and taxes and interest rates were bound to go up," he now recalls thinking, "so I wrote Monty a letter and said I didn't think this was a good time to have a million dollars tied up in the horse

continued



The Harcourts spent $4 million on land and facilities, another $4 million on bloodstock.



Specially designed swimming pool is used to exercise lame horses, who don't mind a dip.

NEW BREED *continued*

business. Then we had a winner at the track or something, and I got excited about it and changed my mind, and here we are with eight times that much money invested in the thing. If you heard someone was planning to sell Harcourt, Brace stock to put the money in oil and horses, you'd send 'em to Camarillo [the state hospital for the insane]."

While recently recollecting these events, Harcourt was sitting in a large housekeeping van on his way to the day's races at Santa Anita. Roberts was there, too, as were Harcourt's wife Fran and another couple from Santa Barbara. Everyone was seated around a table having the first Bloody Mary, which Harcourt had just mixed in the van's galley, and nibbling caviar sandwiches. Soon they would be in Harcourt's box at the track, where Flag Is Up had three horses running that afternoon. One of them, a promising 3-year-old colt named Nahallat, would win, and the familiar figures of Harcourt and his wife would again be in the winner's circle—he an imposing personality with his tall body encased in the bright checkered jackets he fancies, his gray-black hair brushed into a pompadour and his large face masked like a raccoon by his ever-present black sunglasses.

"This is the only way to go," Harcourt said with a grand gesture that took in the roomy interior of the van and the driver up front concentrating on the freeway traffic. "This is it. This is what I want to do." Harcourt and Roberts overflow with such euphoria when they talk about Flag Is Up and what they have accomplished in the four years since they first broke ground in the Santa Ynez. "We've had unprecedented success, I'm told," Harcourt enthused on one occasion.

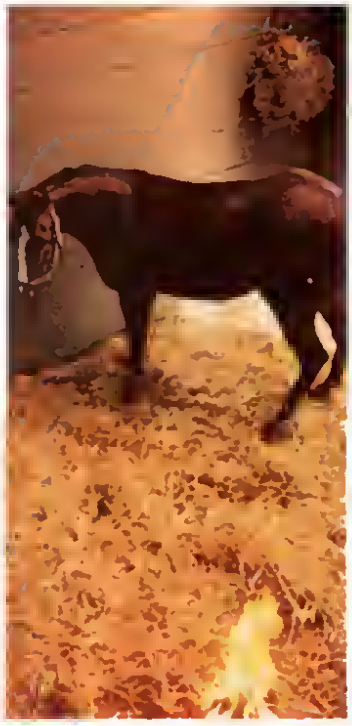
The farm itself has been laid out with the devotion to detail of a Japanese garden. The main office, set back a few hundred yards from the highway that runs through the valley, is an attractive modern building of stained wood that blends with the countryside. One elegant touch is a glassed-in room on the second floor used for entertaining visitors. On the porch outside are comfortable chairs. There the Harcourts and their guests can sip their cocktails and watch the horses displayed on the lawn below. A few yards away is a model training barn with every item from the texture of the floor to the fittings on the stalls a matter of intense pride to the owner and the managing partner, as Roberts is officially designated.

Roberts does most of the talking, and none of the farm's overflowing gadgetry arouses his eloquence more than the fire-prevention system he has installed in the barns. Called Twisto-Wire Early Fire-Detection and Instant-Operating Sprinkler Systems, it is the invention of an Englishman named John Davies, who spent years refining it. There is even a special barn where the system can be demonstrated with a live and terrified horse in one of the three stalls as a fire is extinguished in a matter of seconds.

Phrases like "diatomaceous earth" and "density and maturation of bone" come frequently in Roberts' conversation as he extols the virtues of Flag Is Up. The former, which leads to the latter, describes an allegedly unique stratum of earth below the topsoil that, claims Roberts, provides up to two times more calcium in the grasses of Flag Is Up than one will find in the bluegrass of Kentucky and up to 12 times more than in the grasses around Florida's prime breeding area in Ocala.

Field upon field of neatly fenced pastureland covers Flag Is Up's 1,000 acres. Across the highway from the training facilities is the octagonal foaling barn that Roberts thought about so many years ago, a clinic with an operating room and therapeutic X-ray machines, and nearby is an equine swimming pool where lame horses can be exercised without straining their sore legs. In the same general area are a number of

Barns and paddocks are laid out with mathematical precision.



Experimental fireproof stall has a sprinkler system that cuts on instantly the moment a fire starts.

the 22 farm houses for the 36 permanent hands needed to keep every pebble in its well-raked place.

Finally, there is the 12-stall stud barn, an equine Waldorf-Astoria wherein reside what most California horsemen regard as the state's finest collection of thoroughbred stallions under one roof. The *grand seigneur* of the barn is Tirreno, a handsome 14-year-old chestnut from the Argentine who is a full brother to Forli, one of that country's leading handicap stars of recent years. Then there is Petrone, imported from France, who campaigned successfully in this country before being retired to stud. And there is Gladwin, a 5-year-old bought by Harcourt as a yearling and who last year won a pair of hundred-grand stakes at Monmouth and Hawthorne. Speculating, another newcomer to the stud barn, is a 4-year-old son of Bold Ruler who was injured last year in an accident at Saratoga before he had a chance to prove himself in the Phipps colors. There is also Fleet Discovery, a son of Fleet Nasrullah out of a Discovery mare, who had a good record in California racing. He and Tirreno have their first crop of Flag Is Up 2-year-olds coming to the races this year. Finally, there is a boarder, Mr. Right, winner of $667,000 and owned by a syndicate of three that includes Frank Sinatra. Harcourt also had Successor, who died last July of "an immature liver." Many horsemen anticipated he would be the star of the stud barn and possibly the outstanding California sire. A son of Bold Ruler, he was bought by Harcourt from the Phipps family for $1 million during the formatives stages of Flag Is Up.

The mere fact that such stallions are available to California mares is reason enough for local horsemen to throw a weekly banquet in Harcourt's honor, yet their response has been quite the opposite. They tend to cultivate a whole gardenful of petty jealousies, and often talk as if they wish Flag Is Up Farms would disappear into the San Andreas Fault. They suggest that Roberts is just a postgraduate cowhand who knows nothing of thoroughbreds, that Roberts and Harcourt are feuding or that the farm is losing so much money Harcourt is trying to unload it.

No wonder that Harcourt, who says of himself, "I can be a contentious guy if I'm pushed," describes the directors of the California Thoroughbred Breeders Association as "a tight group of insiders who have resented and tried to thwart the success of Flag Is Up Farms." Or that Fletcher Jones calls them "chauvinistic and provincial, a self-perpetuating tea and sandwich club whose biggest decision is seating each other at their sales."

California badly needs Flag Is Up and its neighbor, Westerly. Ever since Louis B. Mayer fell ill and sold his best bloodstock to Kentucky, the state has been woefully lacking in outstanding broodmares and sires. The paramount reason for this is a punitive tax structure. Each of California's 58 counties must finance its budget through taxes on personal property appraised on the first of each March. When a county has the shorts, the appraisals of horseflesh are apt to be ridiculous. George Pope, whose El Peco Ranch produced the 1962 Kentucky Derby winner, Decidedly, plus many another of the state's best known thoroughbreds,

continued

From now on it's strictly a growth business, especially for the youngster in the middle.

discovered recently that Madera County had set an appraisal price of $25,000 apiece on two of his mares—Gloire Fille, 21 years old and barren, and Glorify, her 12-year-old daughter who had won a trifling $15,315 in her racing career and was dam of a single undistinguished winner. To make his point, Pope sent both mares to the Pomona sales and was able to bid one back for $6,500, the other for $3,500.

Bill Pascoe, another California horseman, moved all of his stock to Kentucky, where it was appraised at $442,000 last year. His tax bill was $4.42. In California it was $11,691.40 in 1969 and it would have been higher last year. Riverside County collected $44,000 on all the horses within its borders in 1968. Strapped for funds the following year, Riverside took in $287,000 on virtually the same horseflesh, a tax increase of some 550%. Successor, still an unproved sire at his death, was appraised at $1 million by Santa Barbara County. Harcourt managed to get this reduced to $600,000 thus shaving the tax on one horse from $25,000 to $15,000. In Kentucky the tax on a $1 million stallion is $10.

The CTBA has been trying to persuade the state legislature to put a reasonable limit on these taxes, but with no success so far. As a result, Harcourt and Jones are among the few horsemen with bloodstock of any value who are willing to pay the taxes necessary to keep their horses in California. Most send them to Kentucky or elsewhere, as Pascoe has done and as Ellsworth did with Swaps, the outstanding product of California breeding since World War II.

Westerly Farms, the other jewel of the Ynez Valley, has 300 thoroughbreds on 4,000 acres.

Almost as if he were cocking his snoot at the assessor, Harcourt freely admits an investment of $4 million in the land and facilities of Flag Is Up, plus another $4 million in his bloodstock. The latter consists of 21 2-year-olds being readied for racing, six stallions, 44 broodmares, 20 yearlings and 22 others of various ages and sexes in varying stages of training. Normally he keeps a dozen or so with R. L. Wheeler, who trains for him at the California tracks, and shuttles the others back and forth from the farm, where Roberts prepares the horses on their six-furlong training track.

Fletcher Jones, on the other hand, is a bit more wary of the assessor and prefers to give no specific figures on his investment at Westerly. Even the untutored eye can tell, however, that the more than 300 horses (120 or so being outside boarders) in residence on Westerly's 4,000 acres represent no less a commitment than Harcourt's. Sixty-four of these are broodmares, 41 are 2-year-olds coming to the races, 50 are yearlings, and this year's crop has just arrived in the foaling barn.

All of this activity is under the supervision of an Irishman named Jack Dempsey, a reed of a man with dark hair and bright blue eyes who sings his sentences in a tenor brogue that would do justice to a Sean O'Casey script. A disappointment to his physician father when he opted for horses instead of medicine, Dempsey began his career riding jumping races over the native sod. He made his way to California via Canada, where he trained for F. R. Conklin.

The conjunction of Jones and Dempsey occurred about seven years ago when Jones developed his sudden racing interest. In 1959 Jones had set up his computer consulting business in Southern California and achieved overnight success that he was able to translate into millions of dollars. He is the man people go to when they want to get the bugs out of their machines. Among the computer systems designed or implemented by Jones are those of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory which guide missiles in outer space, and those of the Panama Canal which lead the ships through the locks.

As Jones was building his business, a

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEEDY & LONG

Fletcher Jones, a computer consultant, with his outstanding stallion, Promised Land.

friend came to stay at his home for an extended visit, and the friend was closely followed by a number of thoroughbred publications he subscribed to. Jones found the magazines lying around the house and read them simply because, "Anything unread I'll attack, even at 2 in the morning." The next thing he knew, Jones was at the Del Mar Sales of 1964, where he ended up with two yearlings—an $11,000 filly he named Fallen Lady and a $12,000 colt he called Fleet Host. "Those two horses rather hooked me," Jones says. Fallen Lady "won out" her cost, while Fleet Host, a handsome bay, went on to earn $181,337. At 3 he won the $100,000 Hollywood Derby over the leading California colts of his age, and at 4 he equaled the American grass-course record for 1½ miles in winning the San Luis Rey Handicap at Santa Anita. Now 8, Fleet Host occupies a third of Jones' stud barn at Westerly. The other stallions are Promised Land, a well-proven 17-year-old sire whom Jones bought from Hirsch Jacobs, and Rising Market, who won more than $460,000 in the shorter stakes races at Santa Anita and Hollywood Park. Westerly's first 2-year-old crop by Fleet Host is just getting ready to race this year. Promised Land's first Westerly crop is racing as 3-year-olds, while Rising Market recently covered his first mares.

Many people get Jones confused with a car dealer by the same name who runs a Ford agency in Los Angeles. The confusion should soon be rectified, for Jones, the computer-horseman, is not a type destined for obscurity. Tall and handsome with wavy gray-white hair, he might well have come off Hugh Hefner's drawing board, even down to his tinted Michael Caine shades. When his picture is snapped in the winner's circle he is apt to be standing alongside one of the prettier young maidens of show biz. His office, overlooking Beverly Hills from the 19th floor of a Century City high-rise, is in Antonioni-modern, and he commutes to it daily from his ranch in one of his executive jets—the Morane or the Lear. He gives you an inkling of what Diamond Jim Brady would be like if he lived today.

Dempsey calls Jones "a perfectionist," and no one who has seen Westerly would care to dispute him. Every detail is a little masterpiece of its own—the mission-style, adobe-walled barns with their red-tile roofs, the stud barn and adjoining white-fenced paddocks as pampered as an Onassis wife, the well-equipped clinic and isolation barn, each of the three units training, breeding and clinic—a mile from one another, "in case we get into any serious trouble," as Dempsey puts it so gently.

It is only natural that a man of Jones' profession would bring some neatly wrapped ideas to the inexact science of breeding thoroughbreds. "Breeding and computers," he says, "both involve problem solving, both are statistically oriented." It is Jones' contention that you must breed 100 horses to come up with any meaningful results. "Out of 100 horses you bring to the track," he says, "60 won't pay their bills. Fifteen pay their bills and stay there a year, earning somewhere between $7,000 and $9,000. Fifteen of the balance earn $25,000. The remaining 10 will make $50,000 apiece, and of these, three will make $100,000 and two more than $100,000. It is from these two that you hope to get the one that will make half a million. But it is necessary to breed 100 to get that one.

"And that one could break his leg," Jones adds. "That's where luck comes in. It is luck if the horse survives, but it isn't luck if your stable has high probabilities."

The purpose behind all the expense and care that has gone into Westerly, as Jones explains it, is "to control the controllables. We are shooting for the major 3-year-old races, so we are not interested in 2-year-old precocity. We are breeding for distance and for mature horses, so we breed only to proven champions. We base our judgment more on how a horse ran than on its breeding alone. Traditionalism is being replaced by analysis. I might add that we approach all this with a great deal of humility."

It is much too early to judge the results at either Westerly or Flag Is Up, since the first crops have just turned three and two, respectively. Only twice in this century has anyone in California made anything close to a comparable effort to breed distinguished bloodstock on such a grand scale. Louis B. Mayer was the first—in the 1940s—with his Mayer Stock Farm at Perris. On his 500 acres of irrigated pastureland he kept more than 100 broodmares, including some of the finest from E. R. Bradley's Idle Hour in Lexington, and he had two fine stallions in Beau Pere and Alibhai, both imported. Even Mayer's stars at MGM like Garbo and Harlow never had it as good as his 200 head of horses, but he died before the nursery really had a chance to prove itself. In the last years of Mayer's try, Rex Ellsworth mounted an equally ambitious if less luxurious effort in his dusty corrals at Chino, but taxes and assorted other misfortunes forced him to send his best horses to Kentucky as well.

Prior to Mayer one has to go all the way back to the latter years of the 19th century to find any real glory in California breeding. In the '80s and '90s, James Ben Ali Haggin, an emigrant lawyer who made millions in mining, built the historic Rancho del Paso outside Sacramento, a 44,800-acre spread that is regarded by many as the finest thoroughbred nursery in the history of American racing. Haggin was a fierce-looking man with a close-cropped white beard, and it has been written of him that he was "far and away the most successful, as well as the most colorful breeder and racing man of his day."

In 1892 alone, horses bred by Haggin won 500 races, and for 17 years he consigned more than 200 yearlings annually to the New York sales.

During the years 1885-88, California horses won four consecutive American Derbies (then the equivalent of the Kentucky Derby), and three of these winners were from the lovely 4,000-acre Rancho Santa Anita of Elias Jackson (Lucky) Baldwin adjoining the present site of Santa Anita racetrack. Baldwin's operation was small in comparison to Haggin's, but at one Saratoga meeting he won 15 races out of 25 starts.

At that time a Louisville paper wrote, "So frequently have events been captured by California stables that believers in Kentucky's superiority are beginning to have doubts." That same year the *New York World* said, "The success of California stables is the most prominent feature of the several meetings," and attributed it to "the magnificent climate and the superiority of the Pacific Coast during the winter months for the building up and development of [race horses]."

So the precedent is there for Hastings Harcourt and Fletcher Jones. It remains to be seen whether the rest of the state, including horsemen, will really back their efforts. **END**

by ***ROBERT CANTWELL***

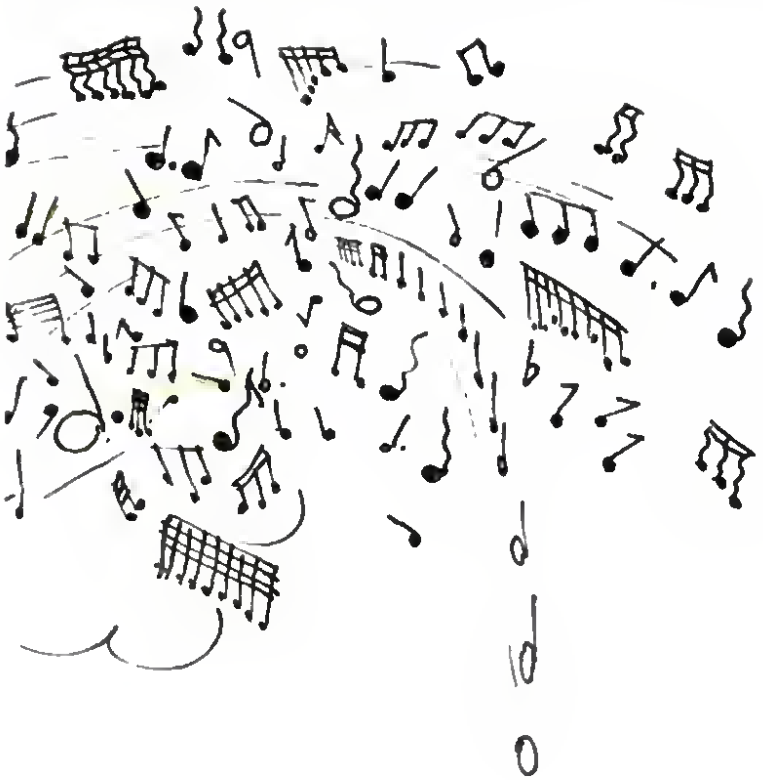
Organist Jane Jarvis brings both tact and taste to the once-dubious art of between-innings play. But best of all she gets the fans . . .

IN THE MOOD—FOR BASEBALL

Baseball has never looked as good as it does from the organ loft at Shea Stadium, and has never sounded better. From her seat at her new Thomas organ, Jane Jarvis peers directly down at home plate and into the Met dugout—so she can see who is coming to bat and play something appropriately encouraging—but she also has a superb view of the diamond, the widening wedge of bright green grass in the outfield, the glitter of the lights along the stadium roof, the flags flying above them and the hazy buildings in the blue industrial distance. Only Mrs. Joan Payson, the owner of the Mets, whose box is just to the left of Jane's, has as good a view of the field as the organist. Jane usually

stands at her big picture window while a team comes to bat. As soon as two men are out she takes her place at the organ, her thin hands poised over the keys, and the instant the third out is made she lets fly with the nice loud opening bars of some suitable song, such as *Hallelujah!* if the Mets have come from behind, or *Wait 'til the Sun Shines Nellie* if things remain a bit cloudy.

Counting last week, Jane has played the musical accompaniment for 1,120 major league baseball games. Since Shea Stadium opened in 1964 she has missed only one game there, and that was because a deluge put the organ out of commission. Before that she played for the Milwaukee Braves. In all, she has been heard—live—by 26,746,711 paying customers, not to mention those who got in free, which makes her one of the most listened-to musicians—live—in history.



The baseball record books do not show a single victory credited to an organist, and Jane does not claim any share in the success of either the Braves or the Mets. But she does believe that the reactions of baseball crowds can be a factor in team performance and that the music played in ball parks can contribute to the mood of the crowd. Her work when she is not playing for Met home games is a continuation of the music-sets-the-mood theory, for she is a program and recording director for Muzak, the music-merchandising firm that pipes melodies into offices, factories and almost anyplace where there is room for a speaker. The Muzak office in New York is a cavernous expanse of recording studios and endless batteries of tape recorders. It operates 24 hours a day turning out music intended to boost employee morale, increase productivity or make waiting in an airport more pleasant. Subscribers can get any kind of music they want—classical, semiclassical, pop, hard rock, medium rock, dinner music with overtones of old Vienna, country music, Latin American music—virtually everything except yodeling. Subscribers to the 24-hour program get approximately 500 tunes every day. These are not chosen at random but with the aid of consulting psychologists and are selected to make you feel better after lunch, the low point of the American day, or happier than you would otherwise be just before dawn.

Jane's musical recall is just short of total. Each Muzak program is divided into 15-minute segments, with jolly, vigorous airs to brighten the dull afternoons, or, in the early morning, something like *Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans?* at 2:45 and *Rose Garden* at 4:48. Jane's work includes choosing the appropriate songs for the right mood for the right time, writing arrangements and lining up *continued*

musicians for the recording sessions.

Baseball's most-heard organist is a slight, adroit, dark-haired little woman with a superb musical education. This she combines with a breadth of interest that extends over the whole field of popular music, and while piped music these days is often disparaged as corn, the inviolate rule seems to be that it must be well performed no matter what it is. So there is an atmosphere of highly professional concentration around Jane's working quarters, mixed with the unreality that comes with packing and merchandising a commodity so insubstantial as a tune.

The atmosphere at Shea is at the opposite extreme, being loud, noisy, informal and filled with requests. These come from ushers, gatekeepers, electricians, reporters in the press box and occasionally from the players. Mrs. Payson is an authority on ragtime and knows the words of many turn-of-the-century sentimental favorites, some of which she occasionally sings after a rousing Met victory. It is nice when the organist knows the tune. Half a dozen technicians concerned with the lights and scoreboard inhabit the far end of the loft that Jane shares with the field announcer. Reporters and visiting celebrities stop at the open door to listen, keeping up a conversational accompaniment to the music—"Hello, Jane!"—and wanting to know: "What was that number you played night before last?" Jane keeps a logbook of every tune she uses at every game, noting the time as well. It would be possible to write a Ph.D. thesis correlating the songs with the number of hits the Mets got their next time at bat.

One of the curiosities of baseball history is that music to be played at baseball games was composed and published for nearly 20 years before baseball began to be regularly reported in the newspapers. The first composition devoted to baseball, *The Base Ball Polka*, was copyrighted in 1858, and there was a musical library of half a hundred such pieces before Henry Chadwick published the first baseball handbook in 1869. The early amateur teams had their own songs and their own bands. But by the time Jane and a few others began to play for big-league teams, the rich musical tradition of bands at ball parks had almost disappeared. The only sound effects were provided by mechanical record players or organists who regarded the instrument essentially as a means of commenting on the game. (One exception was at Ebbets Field, where Gladys Gooding was the organist, but Miss Gooding had been hired primarily for her rendition of *The Star-Spangled Banner*.) The trouble with recorded music at ball parks was that it could not be changed according to the fortune of the game or the mood of the crowd. On the other hand, the organist-commentators were plain corny, sometimes belting out mocking melodies such as *Three Blind Mice* or *Would You Like to Take a Walk?*

Jane was anything but corny. She brought to the business of playing at ball parks an immaculate musicianship, innate good taste and a total ignorance of the game of baseball. She was born in Vincennes, Ind., a pleasant, tree-shaded town that was probably the only place in the state where it was possible to grow up without ever seeing a baseball game. She always intended to be a concert pianist. As a girl she played with the Indianapolis and Milwaukee symphony orchestras, and she once had a concert tour through several Southern cities. The critics were approving, but they also volunteered kindly advice to the effect that she was too slight and frail to meet the rigorous life demanded of a concert pianist. Next Jane began playing in Chicago dance bands and at cocktail lounges, but she found this more tiring than the concert stage. "People drank too much," she says, "and talked too much. You heard too much and saw too much and you knew too much and finally you wanted some other kind of life."

For her this turned out to be marriage, a home in Oconomowoc, Wis., two children and a job as staff pianist at a radio station. Meanwhile, the Boston Braves had moved to Milwaukee—complete with a house organist, the funny type. But by this time baseball was tired of musical gagsters, so the Braves went looking for a more classical organist. When Jane applied she was hired at once, despite the fact she knew nothing about the game.

"When there are three strikes on a batter, he's out," said John Quinn, the Braves' general manager, "and when there are three outs, that's when you play."

Jane quickly got a grasp of the game.

"When the umpire raised his hand," she says, "it was very plain something had happened, and after he did it three times, I played. But never until I was

continued

As a Father's Day gift, The-Comfort-Shirt from Sears makes a mother's day, too.

We figure if a shirt has to be ironed after it comes out of the washer and dryer, it can turn a comfortable shirt for men into a discomforting *shirt for woman*

The-Comfort-Shirt never has to be ironed. Because it's a Perma-Prest® dress shirt. That's a unique Sears process which means, among other things, that while The-Comfort-Shirt is making his day more comfortable, it's making your day easier.

The-Comfort-Shirt. In all sorts of solid and striped colors. In Fortrel® polyester and cotton. And in a choice of cuff and comfortable C-Band® collar styles like the long-point collar shown here—it's the one that comes with removable, flexible collar stays. Buy him a few, along with gotogether ties, at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores, or through the Catalog.

P.S. The-Comfort-Shirt is available with short sleeves, too. Wonderful.

SEARS PUTS IT ALL TOGETHER

Ask for a free copy of the "Mark of Fashion" booklet at a Sears Men's Store near you

By the time Billy Casper dug his way out,

Sand traps are usually a golfer's worst enemy. But Billy Casper found one that became his good friend.

It taught him how to get his ball up into the air without changing anything but his club.

He came out of that trap with an imperfect shot and a perfect idea: an iron that wouldn't dig in, but would "slide" through the shot.

Because Billy Casper is on the advisory staff of WILSON, he brought his idea back to us. He asked us to widen the clubhead's sole and bevel the leading edge a bit. We did.

And it gave him an iron that didn't knife into the surface and bury itself in a lot of unnecessary sand. It slid through the sand, giving him the clubhead speed and control he wanted.

And finally, it did what it was supposed to. It got the ball up. It worked so well that we took this "wide sole" principle 9 steps further and modified it into a whole new set of irons: the Wilson X-31 irons.

They give you wider soles. With beveled leading edges tailor-made for every iron in the set.

Now, when you lay an X-31 clubhead into a ball, it doesn't waste time and energy scooping out a lot of unnecessary sand or turf. It gets into the ball and gets the ball up. Fast. Accurately. And just the way you planned it.

Widened soles and beveled leading edges help prevent knifing into the turf and losing power.

The X-31 "wide sole" is an idea Billy Casper wouldn't have had without that sand trap. And it's an advantage we wouldn't have had without Billy Casper.

Like all the other 42 professionals on our advisory staff, he *works* for us. Testing new ideas.

we had the idea for X-31 fairway irons.

And developing some of his own. What he doesn't think of, someone else will.

George Archer, for instance. He wanted a club with more "kick" at the shaft's lower end. But he knew that just building more kick in would cause the clubhead to twist before impact. Torque in the shaft would cause it to turn.

We fluted the lower section of the shaft to eliminate that torque, and called it the POWER GROOVE shaft. All X-31 clubs now have this Power Groove shaft. And they give you just a little more accuracy and distance-eating power because of it.

The Power Groove shaft keeps the clubhead from twisting and throwing your shot off.

Other Wilson pros turned us on to the STRATA-BLOC principle. It's a special way of building up a wood's head with laminated layers of maple. Better than persimmon, because the density of the wood becomes a controllable factor.

Still more pros on our staff have worked out other improvements: hosels that are completely drilled-through to give you better weight distribution; *individually* stepped-down shafts for the same consistent good "feel" in every club; and rocker soles that assure you a more effective shot.

They're all the kinds of things only 2 pros would think of. And we have 43 of them on our advisory staff.

Everyone of them works hard for us. So that we can do a better job for you.

The 1971 X-31 clubs. Made by Wilson. Available only through golf professional shops.

The 1971 Wilson X-31 Clubs

WILSON, POWER GROOVE, X-31 and STRATA-BLOC are trademarks of Wilson Sporting Goods Co

Springtime!

It happens every Salem.

NATURAL MENTHOL
Not the [illegible] kind. That's
what gives Salem a taste as fresh
as Springtime for [illegible]

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV '79

sure it was time to play. They put the fear of God into me—never interfere with the game. Never never never never never never never never never." Nine nevers. As a result of all this, she briefly acquired a vague notion that the time when one team comes off the field and the other one goes on is the most important part of the game of baseball.

It was in several respects that she saw the game from an oblique angle. Her organ cubicle at County Stadium was located in the mezzanine beyond first base, and she peered through an opening four feet long and only 17 inches high. She never saw a pitcher's face and could not be sure what he was doing on the mound.

The loudspeakers at Milwaukee were located in a grove of pine trees in center field, and a full second elapsed between the time Jane played a note and the sound got back to her. If there was a high wind, whole bars and measures were blown away. So she persuaded the officials to place some speakers in the stands. That was fine for those spectators well removed from the speakers, but ghastly for those closest, even though she kept the volume down. Spectators would persuade the ushers to turn off the speakers nearest them, and finally there was almost no sound at all. Silenced, Jane agreed that the speakers should be returned to the distant trees.

Jane was always conscious of playing to enormous and excitable crowds. In 1955, her first full season—and Henry Aaron's second—there were 2,005,836 at the Braves' home games. But the 1956 season opened dismally, with five games in a row rained out—and 10 of the first 15. "There is a lot of damp music," Jane says, "and I'd play every watery tune I could think of—*Singing in the Rain, I Get the Blues When It Rains, Rain on the Roof* and *Rain*. There are three different songs named *Rain*. When I ran out of rain songs I'd go into songs about rivers—*River Stay 'way from My Door, Old Man River, Mississippi Mud*." In all, there have been 106 games when Jane played steadily, sometimes for hours, waiting for the rain to stop.

When blue skies finally did come, fights started, including the memorable one between Joe Adcock and Giant Pitcher Ruben Gomez. It began when Gomez hit Adcock. Halfway to first, Adcock started after Gomez. Gomez threw the ball at the big Milwaukee first baseman and hit him again, this time on the thigh. Adcock then chased Gomez around third base and into the Giant dugout. There followed a brouhaha that eventually involved players, umpires, ushers, guards and police. Jane turned up the volume and whipped into *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Players react differently to the sound of the national anthem under these not unfamiliar circumstances. Some are reminded of their patriotic obligations and stand at attention. But many pay no heed. When Sal Maglie was with the Dodgers he was in so many fights at which *The Star-Spangled Banner* had to be played that he once claimed he instinctively would turn and face the flag if the organist so much as played *Yankee Doodle Dandy*.

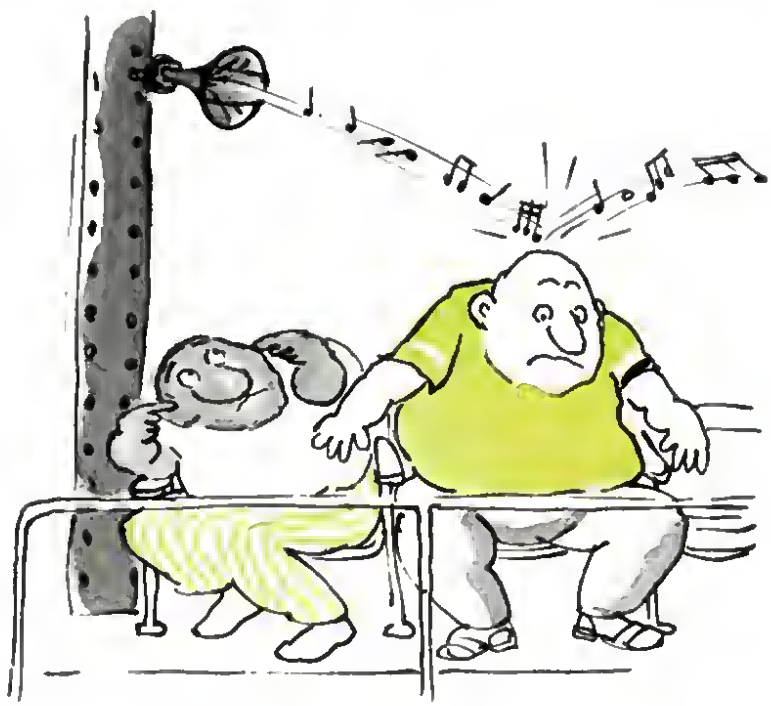
The Braves' crowds became a phenomenon in baseball and, as a fixture of the scene, Jane and her music were studied by officials of other clubs. When Shea Stadium was being planned, a delegation of Met functionaries appeared in Milwaukee to examine the musical facilities. It was a cold day when they arrived, unannounced, and when Tom Meany, the Mets' promotional director, opened the door of Jane's cubicle he found her wearing a heavy coat and playing with gloves on her hands and galoshes on her feet. "Imagine seeing someone playing the organ wearing gloves and galoshes," she says. The visitors from New York vanished as though they had witnessed an apparition.

At the end of the 1963 season, two years before the Braves left Milwaukee, Jane moved to New York to begin working for Muzak. The Mets promptly hired her in time for the first game at Shea Stadium and she was dumfounded, not only by the comfort of the organ loft but by the magnificent view. She could see! "It was an entirely different game," she says.

It was also a game that she got to know. Today Jane views baseball with the profound authority of an expert who personally witnessed every step of one of the remarkable happenings of the sport, the rise of the Mets from cellar to world championship. It was a success that made her doubly happy, for it is easier to make music at a ball park for a winning team.

When the Mets' 1969 pennant drive began, Jane knew that her time had come. Her music was jubilant when New York won 13 in a row. It was cheerier yet when the Mets won 25 and lost only five in one stretch of home stands in Au-

continued



gust and September. There was a problem, though. There are not enough cheerful tunes in American music to sustain an organist through that kind of show.

Jane now carries a sheaf of music paper with her to the stadium, and when she is not playing she writes music. Her compositions tend to be intricate, lively and imaginative, but not directly related to baseball, with titles such as *Subway Struggle* and *Payment Wasn't Deferred*. She arrives about noon on the day of an afternoon game and watches the people come in. Crowds fascinate her. "Something will trigger the spirit of a certain kind of crowd," she says. "Something *in* the game itself. It may be a dramatic play, but it can be anything, even an error or an umpire's call or an awkward move that makes people laugh. Whatever it is, it goes through the whole ball park."

Does this have any influence on the outcome of a game? Well, baseball players and musicians are both public performers, and there never yet has been a musician who did not do better when he had an audience with him. For Jane the finest tribute to her music comes when a crowd spontaneously begins to sing. It is a response that cannot be organized or controlled; it just happens.

"The first time this happened was during a dreary, rained-out game in Milwaukee with the Cincinnati Reds," she recalls. "There was a trainload of Cincinnati rooters in the open stands. The ground crew could not get the tarpaulin over the infield, and some of the Cincinnati fans, who were already drenched, jumped out on the field to help. But the downpour got worse and the ground crew ran for shelter, leaving the fans there. I was playing *Ballin' the Jack*, and they started to dance in the rain. Then I played *Down by the Old Mill Stream* and everybody began to sing. They sang *April Showers*, *Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet* and *Swanee*, all old standbys. You can only play very familiar songs when crowds are singing."

Since then, crowds have often burst into song unexpectedly, but never as consistently or boisterously as when the Mets were winning their 1969 pennant. On three occasions the crowd kept Jane playing for an hour after a game was over. On the day the Mets clinched the pennant it seemed nobody would leave Shea Stadium. "I played music in a descending scale," Jane says. "Joyful music at first, *Hallelujah!* and *The Best Things in Life Are Free* and, then about halfway down, *Let's Put Out the Lights* and *Lazybones*, with a very languid tempo. Finally, *Goodnight, Ladies*, played very slowly, and *Rock-a-Bye Baby*. By the time I played *Sleep* the field was almost dark."

That would have been a fitting climax to the longest career of a musician in the history of baseball. But Jane Jarvis could hardly leave it at that. When the Mets are at Shea, so is she. And win or lose, afternoon or night, she calls the tune. END

Toyo. More ways to go than anybody.

More ways to go—and take stereo with you *anywhere*. Toyo offers 14 portables that let you listen to or record stereo on 8-track tape cartridges, cassettes (or both with our adaptor). Many have built-in AM or FM Stereo radios. Toyo goes in your car or boat, at the beach, in the woods—anywhere. Or stays home. *Plus QAUDIO,*™* the true 4-channel stereo system that surrounds you with 4 different channels of sound for a "shocking new experience" in music, and also plays standard 8-track stereo cartridges. Available for your home and car. At fine stereo dealers or dept. stores. Write for catalog and Qaudio brochure. Toyo Radio Co. of America, Inc., 1842-B West 169 St., Gardena, Cal. 90247.

TOYO

*PRONOUNCED "KWAH-DIO"

Are you the Volkswagen Type 3 type?

Don't let the fact that this car might look like Indy 500 material throw you off the track.

Those racing stripes are a con. That sports car back is a front.

The Volkswagen Type 3 can no more fly down a racetrack than it can fly through the clouds.

What, then, can it do, and who, then, is it for?

If you're more concerned with slowing down than speeding up, it has standard front disc brakes.

All 4 wheels are independently suspended so it holds the road better when cornering.

It has the most advanced system of distributing gasoline in the engine: electronic fuel injection.

Shifting on the VW Type 3 is less sticky: 4-speed synchromesh transmission is standard.

And in keeping with Volkswagen standards, it gets around 26 miles to a gallon of gas, uses very little oil, and even less water or antifreeze—none.

Contrary to Volkswagen tradition, it isn't bad looking. In fact, equipped with all the options as you see it in the picture, you can make it look like the [illegible], overpowering creature of the road that it isn't.

So if you're looking for a racy little sports car, look somewhere else.

If you're in the market for just an economy sedan, this isn't it.

But if you're the type who wants a racy, economical, little, sporty sedan, eureka!

◆ So **Robert Redford** hadn't been on a tennis court for nine months and was a little rusty, and a little sore, having separated a shoulder climbing down a tree for his latest film (*Mountain Man*—the one where he wrestles the grizzly bear) And New York's **Mayor John Lindsay** has been having political troubles and is a worse player than Redford, anyway All of this may explain why the two of them were handily defeated in an impromptu match by **Pierre Leval** and **Herbert Lieberman,** a couple of regulars at Manhattan's West Park Racquet Club

"I try not to take tennis too seriously," Lindsay said later. "I can't afford to" Well, it isn't whether you win or lose, Mr Mayor. It's oh, you know

Actress **Mary Mitchell** likes to zoom around London on her Triumph 650-cc. motorcycle, but recently she took a nasty spill. Is that Mary saying "Ouch!" No, it is the managers of the theater in London's West End who do not want bruises on Mary's South End because in their production of *The Dirtiest Show in Town* Mary appears nude.

And then we have the Associated Press posing the question, "How does a K-9 police dog, trained to hold suspects by gripping their clothing in its jaws, cope with a nude man?" Well, if you are **Jinks**, a Suffolk, Va. police dog, it seems you circle a naked prison escapee at close quarters and just look mean, after which the *New York Post* picks up the story and runs it under the headline NAKED CAME THE STRANGER, GROWLING CAME THE DOG

Also from the *Post* comes the headline BROOKS TO REPLACE ROBINSON A little schizophrenia in Baltimore? Nope In the New York Philharmonic production of "Promenades" scheduled for next week, it seems **Soprano Patricia Brooks** is going in for **Gail Robinson.**

A special sporting salute to 31-year-old **Shigeru Kawamara**, who is now the best sake drinker in Akaoka, Japan, which is no small claim Kawamura defeated eight finalists in a contest by polishing off almost a half gallon of the rice wine in 19 seconds flat, not spilling a drop and showing "a dignified manner of drinking," which was one of the key rules.

That's the way to chug-a-lug, Shigeru While we're at it, let's also cheer the guys who thought up the contest The festival is held to console the departed souls of all the sardines the Akaoka fishermen net during the year And *that* is the best excuse we have heard all week for anybody having a little drink

"Some British cars," says **Stirling Moss**, "are like the dumb blonde you see at a cocktail party. From across the room she's a real cracker, but when you meet her, you find she's got nothing else to offer French cars are like the rather intellectual lady who looks boring but proves to be full of life and zest"

But which British cars? Moss doesn't say. It's a case of if the brake shoe fits, wear it.

News Item: University of New Mexico **Coach Bob King** has just recruited **Harrison King** 6' 9", from Salina, Kans and **Pat King**, 6' 1", from Maywood, Calif This news may not mean much to you right now But think, next Christmas they can all carol, "We Three Kings of the University of New Mexico Basketball Team Are."

◉ **David Lake** commutes on roller skates from a downtown Chicago train station to his office, 14 blocks away. It's his contribution toward stopping automobile pollution, but "skating is a lot more effort than I expected," he does admit

Roll on, Dave! You darn near made Environmentalist of the Week, but—ah—about that cigar .

Now At Least Some Of It Can Be Told Department:

Ex-Prime Minister **Harold Wilson's** book *The Labour Government 1964-70, A Personal Record* will be out in late July. For those who prefer to skip the dull parts and go straight to the good stuff, we can report that Wilson includes a conversation with **Charles de Gaulle** about the game of patience (solitaire)—"I compared notes with him: in my days as Leader of the Opposition from 1963-64, I used to enjoy the game," Wilson confides to his readers. "'But,' I asked him, 'do you cheat?' His short answer was that there were situations in which this was justified."

Shocking, yes, but one must bear in mind that only a strong-minded leader could have raised France up in her darkest hour De Gaulle will be forgiven But what of Harold Wilson, who never revealed whether he himself cheats or not? Wilson may go down in history as just an old tattletale.

Muhammad Ali speaking at Virginia Tech, asked for a volunteer from the audience to help demonstrate the famed Ali shuffle **Charlie Lipscomb** 6' 6", 230-pound starting center for Virginia Tech's basketball team, obliged if "obliged" is the word for bopping the ex-champ in the mouth and drawing blood. Ali cheerfully gave Lipscomb his autograph, written in what else—the blood, saying, "Show this to your grandchildren. It ought to make you famous"

We figure the autograph is the Heirloom of the Year—and those guys in Texas ought to call Wilt Chamberlain back up.

The life of an I.W. Harper bottle.

With Henry, the man behind the bar: dispenser of drinks, referee, holder of stakes, observer of man, and sympathetic ear.

The night got off to a slow start. Then some oil company brass from Dallas came in. I poured three Harper's.

Two guys stopped off before their long ride home. Started to argue about the Long Island Railroad. Finally cooled 'em off with two over ice.

Then the classy-looking advertising lady dropped by with her crowd. Took a table in the corner. They were all business.

In came one of the top Park Avenue psychiatrists. Told me his troubles. Called me "the analyst's analyst."

Harper and soda for a well-known drama critic. Said he couldn't sit through the last act. Somebody's going to get roasted tomorrow.

This one's for Henry.

For nearly a hundred years, I.W. Harper has been winning medals all over the world—the reason it's known as the Gold Medal Bourbon, the finest Kentucky bourbon you can buy.

Sometimes the bourbon has to be this good.

86 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY · © I.W. HARPER DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

This funny-looking bike skims across sand dunes.

Rolls over rocks. Fords streams. Splashes in the surf. Whips through the snow. Smooths out the roughest trails. In fact, goes just about anywhere off the road. Even fits in the trunk of your car. And features all the great things Hondas are famous for. A peppy four-stroke overhead cam engine. The most depend-

Lighting equipment optional at extra cost. Always ride safely and wear a helmet. The Honda ATC 90 is manufactured for off the road use only. American Honda warns against

able motorcycle engine built. A fully automatic clutch and dual-range four-speed trans that make it a cinch to ride. A USDA-approved spark arrestor/muffler so it's very nice to your ears and to the environment. An ignition cut-off switch and a parking brake for safety. And a nice low price to fit your budget. Everyone in the family will love riding it. It's more fun than a dune buggy, snowmobile and trail bike all put together. Find out for yourself. Just drop by your nearest Honda dealer's and ask to see the funny-looking bike with the big fat tires. Otherwise known as The Honda All-Terrain Cycle.

The Honda ATC 90.™

From Mighty to Mini, Honda has it all.

its use on public streets, roads and highways. For a free color brochure, write American Honda Motor Co., Inc., Dept. GB, Box 50, Gardena, Calif. 90247 © 1971 AHM.

Their garden? Just a window box on a city street.
But they're choosy. They want it splashed with color. All year round.
Their cigarette? Viceroy. They won't settle for less. It's a matter of taste.

Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.

© 1970, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

King Size 17 mg. tar, 1.2 mg. nicotine. Long Size, 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '70

Cincinnati's Big Red clunk

The once celebrated machine was limping along on some very sick cylinders. Still, there was a strange optimism around the club

Sooner or later—preferably sooner—somebody should tell Ralph Nader about the new consumer crisis in Cincinnati. The trouble began last year when people from hundreds of miles around flocked to town to buy this hot new product called the Big Red Machine. It was a marvelous contraption, guaranteed to win pennants, wreck opposing pitchers and generally devastate the National League for years to come. But now, only a year after it first came on the market, the thing is beginning to look unsafe at any price. Instead of *ta-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa*, the now sound is more like *ta-pocketa-clunk-clunk-sigh*.

The sudden and premature demise of the Big Red Machine—otherwise known as the Cincinnati Reds—has been one of the puzzling developments of the season. Last week, as in the weeks before, the defending National League champions were floundering around down there only a step above the Western Division cellar. The Reds were so far behind San Francisco that their chances of a comeback seemed about as good as the Boeing SST's. Nobody had to remind Manager Sparky Anderson that at this time last year his team was some seven games ahead of the division. "I'm as surprised as anybody," is Anderson's stock reply every time a newsman brings up the delicate subject. "I never would have believed this if I hadn't seen it."

Around Cincinnati it is said that the Reds have not been the same without Centerfielder Bobby Tolan, who will now miss the entire season because he re-injured his Achilles' tendon just when there was hope that he would soon play again. Lefthander Jim Merritt is a problem. Last season he was 20-12; last week he was 0-7. Wayne Simpson, a 14-game winner as a rookie, is in Indianapolis searching for his arm. But blamed more often than any of these three for what is happening at Riverfront Stadium is the new stadium itself. Followers point out that last year's machine built its big early lead while playing in little old Crosley Field—a home run hitter's paradise.

"That's hogwash," says Anderson. "Sure, we miss Tolan. To me he was one of the top five players in our league last year. And we miss help from Merritt and Simpson, although our pitching staff hasn't given up any more runs than last year. The main thing is hitting. We're not hitting."

Indeed they are not. Shut out only once all last year, the machine has been blanked five times already. The Reds also have had 15 complete games thrown against them, indicating they have not exactly been knocking the ears off opposing pitchers. Except for First Baseman Lee May, the Reds' big guns—Johnny Bench, Tony Perez, Pete Rose and Bernie Carbo—are shooting lots of blanks, especially with men on base.

Take Carbo. He hit .310 last season as a rookie and was being counted upon to compensate for the loss of Tolan. But his bat has been so impotent that the Reds had to rustle up Buddy Bradford to play center and Bradford is hitting .196.

Then there is Bench, last year's Most Valuable Player. He has 14 home runs, which is not bad, but his average dropped below .235 during a recent slump. Even more disturbing, Bench is not producing with men on base. Of his 14 homers, only six came with a man on—and none with two or three men on. In last week's three-game series at Pittsburgh, Bench was 1 for 12 and he left 12 runners stranded. "I'm not happy with the way I'm swinging," says Bench. "I started trying to hit to right field and I guess I tried too hard. Also, I've seen some awful good pitching this year."

Perhaps the most pitiful figure of all is Perez, the muscular Cuban third baseman. At the end of last May he was batting .376 with 18 homers and 53 RBIs. Now his average is .212 with six homers and 23 RBIs. "I just can't understand it," says Perez, who seems to be getting more confused and dejected every time he makes an out. "I feel great, but I can't hit."

Even Rose, the team's only $100,000 employee, is having problems, although

continued

THAT, AL BARLICK TELLS SLUMPING, PROVOKED BENCH, WAS A CALLED THIRD STRIKE

The inside secret of this

It's the polyester cord body

You see it here—it's the very heart of this Custom Wide Tread Polyglas tire.

What makes polyester unique is that it combines the strength of nylon with the smooth ride of rayon. So you get a tire that softens the hard knocks—and rolls over the bumps while absorbing the shocks.

Double fiberglass belts

In this Goodyear Polyglas tire, we've securely bonded the polyester cord body to two tough fiberglass cord belts—using a special polyester adhesive system known only to Goodyear. These belts help hold the wide tread firm on the road for positive traction and long wear.

Goodyear Polyglas tire

Traction, strength, long mileage

A polyester cord body, two fiberglass belts, a big wide tread—that's the vital combination that goes into the construction of the Goodyear Custom Wide Tread Polyglas tire. As a result, you get a combination of advantages...traction, strength, and mileage. And they all add up to value.

To make sure you're getting a Polyglas tire, just look at the sidewall: **If it doesn't say Goodyear, it can't be Polyglas.**

GOODYEAR

Polyglas, Custom Wide Tread—T.M. 's The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

he is not worrying. "It's this damned cold weather we've been having," says Rose. "I hit better in the warm weather because I stay looser. All I need is two or three hits in a few games and I'll be right back in there."

"I've never seen anything like it," says Reds Batting Coach Ted Kluszewski. "And I can't explain it, either. Originally, maybe, our guys were overswinging because they were trying to make up for the absence of Tolan. When you start overswinging you get in a slump and when you get in a slump it's the hardest thing in the world to get out of. But there's too much talent on this ball club for everybody to slump."

More and more it looks as if Tolan rather than Bench or Perez was the man who made the machine purr. An all-round player of the Lou Brock mold, Tolan could hit for power (16 homers) and average (.316). Once on base, he was always a threat to advance further; he stole 57 bases in 1970. With Rose batting first and Tolan second, the Reds had an aggressive, even relentless, offense that always kept the pressure on the opposing pitcher. As Rose says, "We sure miss him. How many times last year were he and I on first and third with none out and all that muscle coming up? Last year we didn't even have to give away that bunt by the second hitter to move me up."

A couple of games last week were typical of what has been going on with Cincinnati. On Monday in Philadelphia, Gary Nolan and Wayne Granger pitched a two-hitter but the offense was nonexistent and the Reds lost 2-1. Two nights later in Pittsburgh, Tony Cloninger limited the hard-hitting Pirates to only two runs—on Willie Stargell's homer—but the Reds left nine men on base and were shut out by Steve Blass 2-0. Cincinnati had a perfect chance to win in the eighth. Pinch hitter Jimmy Stewart led off with a single and May walked. With Bench, Perez and Carbo coming up, this ordinarily would have been the cue for Blass to jump into the Monongahela River. Instead, he sneaked an inside fastball past Bench for a called third strike, threw three sliders past Perez and retired Carbo on a weak pop to first.

1970 SHIRT FAILS TO INSPIRE PEREZ

In Bench's case, his problems may have something to do with the special pressures involved in superstardom at the age of 23—or at least that's what Anderson was saying in Pittsburgh as he watched reporters and announcers pulling and tugging at Bench from all sides. "I wish they would just let him go out there and play ball," said Anderson.

"You know, I've been afraid of failing ever since I was 18," said Bench later. "You wonder if you can live up to the expectations not only of yourself but of others. Now when I come out on the field I know I'm the target man and it's something to have all those people yelling at you. I don't know whether it's affected my play or not. I don't think I've let down on my catching. Hitting, well, it's nothing new for me to be down there and come back."

To those who claim he may have overextended himself with a weekly TV show and other business interests, Bench says: "Look, I don't know how long I'll play up here. I want to enjoy life now and do as much as I possibly can. I want to do what I want, wear the kind of clothes I want and buy what I want."

Despite all their troubles, the Reds manage to maintain a facade of togetherness and confidence. In Pittsburgh, Rose supervised a new pre-game exercise—sort of a cross between "pepper" and "hot potato"—that sent Bench and others rolling and diving on the Tartan Turf like children at play. There was a strange sense of confidence and well-being. Says Anderson: "We're going to give the Giants a run for it." Says Rose: "Hell, it's still May. School's not even out yet."

When school does let out, the Reds had better be in gear. More than 400,000 people already have passed through the turnstiles at Riverfront Stadium to watch the machine roll. But even diehards eventually give up on a lemon. It doesn't take Ralph Nader to know that.

THE WEEK

by RON FIMRITE

NL EAST The METS' Ed Kranepool did not much care for the way rookie Third Baseman Tim Foli's practice throws were bouncing off his shins at first base, so he decided to protect himself by excluding Foli from the infield warmup before the first inning of a game with the Phillies. Nettled by the slight, Foli informed Kranepool of his thoughts in the dugout. He also shoved him. Kranepool responded by punching Foli in the eye. This nettled Manager Gil Hodges, who called them together after the game (a 3-2 loss). "It's finished and forgotten," said Hodges later. "Well, maybe it's not forgotten, but it had better be finished." The loss to the Phillies also finished the Mets as the division leaders. They were succeeded by the soaring CARDINALS, winners of five in a row and nine of 10. Their Lou Brock took over as the league's leading batter as he hit in 25 straight games and in 41 of his team's 47. The cubs were sinking about as fast as the Cardinals were rising, and rumors about Leo Durocher's future were flying. Team Vice-President John Holland called a press conference to say Manager Leo was staying; then, after a 10-0 loss to the Cardinals, he called another conference—alone with Durocher. PHILADELPHIA Manager Frank Lucchesi tried a five-man infield against the Mets in a bunting situation. The bunt sign was then called off. "Sometimes," said Lucchesi, "you got to manage the other guy's team for him." The PIRATES' Steve Blass read the horror novel *The Mephisto Waltz* before shutting out the Reds. "I was so scared after reading that book I had to go out and pitch hard," he said. It took MONTREAL 51 games to get 18 wins a year ago. The Expos made it in 36 this time.

ST. L 30-17 NY 27-18 PITT 27-19
MONT 19-21 CHI 21-23 PHIL 18-29

NL WEST Clete Boyer, recently of the ATLANTA Braves, let it all hang out. Manager Luman Harris cannot manage, said he, and the coaches—except Eddie Mathews, who should be managing—cannot coach. Finally, said Boyer,

continued

Hiram Walker made great whiskey by making every hour count.

The man who started it all in 1858 took his time. And so do we. We make Walker's DeLuxe with the choicest grains. Then age it 8 full years. And not a minute less. With bourbon this choice, there's just no second choice.

8 years old

Walker's DeLuxe, the great bourbon from Hiram Walker himself.

© 1970 HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL. • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86 PROOF

Better ideas make better cars: 1971 Mercury Colony Park.

1. Start with the best station wagon ideas.

The Colony Park comes with a Dual-Action tailgate that swings down flat for cargo, opens like a door for passengers. Also standard: a luggage carrier, 400 CID V-8, Select-Shift automatic transmission, power rear window, power steering, power brakes, concealed headlamps. Center-facing rear seats (shown) optional.

2. Add the ride and comfort of a luxury car.

When it isn't doing duty as a station wagon, the Colony Park doubles as a luxury car. The long wheelbase and extra-wide tread (63" in front, 64" rear) help give it a ride that's unusually smooth. Interiors are upholstered in glove-soft vinyl. The individually adjustable Twin-Comfort lounge seats (shown) are optional.

3. And you have a better luxury station wagon.

The 1971 Colony Park with its yacht-deck paneling is part of Mercury's top-of-the-line Marquis series. A second Marquis wagon is also available with all-steel sides. It takes better ideas to make better cars. Mercury makes better cars—to buy, rent, or lease. See your Mercury dealer now for a guest drive.

MERCURY

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIV. Ford

there should be no place in baseball for people like General Manager Paul Richards. In short, Boyer did not want to be a Brave anymore—and by the end of the week he wasn't. Richards agreed to put him on waivers and, if no one claimed him, to grant him an unconditional release. Boyer was outspoken right up until the meeting with his boss. "This is the first time I've gone first class all year," he said of the flight that brought him to Atlanta. But afterward, he was more reflective. "I guess," he said, "sometimes I talk too much." SAN FRANCISCO's Juan Marichal was outspoken, too, but not about his employers. "The Los Angeles people don't show any class," he said, after listening to a round of catcalls from Dodger fans. "I guess it's because I beat them all the time." He did again, one of two Giant wins in a three-game series distinguished by history-making events. Willie Mays celebrated his 20th anniversary in the big leagues and was given 20 cakes by the DODGERS to mark the occasion. He then went out and scored two runs against them to tie Stan Musial as the National League's alltime run scorer, with 1,949. Stealing some of the spotlight, the Dodgers' Maury Wills celebrated his 2,000th major league base hit. SAN DIEGO Manager Preston Gomez was playing it cute against HOUSTON by warming up righthander Al Santorini in public and lefthander Dave Roberts in the secrecy of the clubhouse. So Houston Manager Harry Walker, expecting Santorini, played his left-handed lineup. Santorini pitched to one batter, then Gomez brought in Roberts. Walker hastily inserted some right-handed batters and, after all this, San Diego lost 2-1.

SF 34-14, HOUS 24-22, LA 24-24, ATL 22-28, CIN 19-28, SD 13-34

AL EAST

That game Friday night in Boston between the RED SOX and the A's had it all—the leaders of the East against the leaders of the West; baseball's two hottest pitchers, Vida Blue (10-1) and Sonny Siebert (8-0); and the return in enemy uniform of Dick Williams, the last manager to win a pennant for the Red Sox. "I have no animosity toward anybody," said Williams as he turned Blue loose on the team that fired him less than two years after his 1967 pennant win. Boston's largest crowd—35,714—in three years showed up for the showdown. Williams and Blue were the losers 4-3 as Rico Petrocelli hit two homers and Siebert made it nine in a row. The Red Sox stayed three games in front of BALTIMORE, which got shoddy service from two-thirds of its pitching staff's Big Three. Dave McNally and Jim Palmer were driven to cover in successive losses to CLEVELAND and Minnesota. Only Mike Cuellar, now 6-1, continued winning. He beat the Indians 3-2. "It's nice to beat Alvin Oark," Cuellar commented afterward in obvious reference to the Cleveland manager's early-season observation that Mike's fastball "couldn't blacken an eye." Oark, said Cuellar, "talks too much." Oark's hillbilly pinch hitter, Gomer Hodge, concluded that maybe he, too, talks too much. The baseball writers, leaping on his North Carolina accent and folksy ways, have made him into an Ozark Ike character, Hodge says. "When I say ain't, they jump on that and make it look like I ain't got no grammar." Denny McLain of WASHINGTON was mercifully silent after suffering his third consecutive loss. The YANKEES were losing—nine times in 11 games—and DETROIT winning—nine times in 10 games.

BOST 29-16, BALT 22-12, DET 23-21, CLEV 20-24, NY 12-25, WASH 17-23

AL WEST

Alex Johnson, an Angel in name only, asked for a conference with CALIFORNIA Manager Lefty Phillips, who had benched him for not hitting, not fielding, not hustling and not being nice. Two hours later, Johnson was back in the lineup against OAKLAND, banging out three hits, including one that won the game. Phillips said the somber outfielder had promised to try harder. "I'm giving him the chance to be the player I thought he was," said Phillips. The A's Reggie Jackson, who was in a Johnsonian sulk for much of last season, was hitting home runs (numbers eight and nine) and trying—not always successfully—to be nice again. "My attitude is better," he said. "Last year I was thinking in my own little circle." MINNESOTA's Harmon Killebrew, who is always nice, hit his 493rd home run, tying him with the late Lou Gehrig for 10th place on the alltime list. But despite winning three out of four, his team still trailed the A's by seven games. MILWAUKEE's Roberto Pena beat the Twins one day with a bases-loaded triple that looked like a single until it "whooshed" by a flabbergasted Tony Oliva in right field. Pena is good at bases-loaded whooshes. Last year he got a grand-slam home run out of a pop fly when Detroit Outfielders Al Kaline and Jim Northrup collided under it. "I have no secret," said Pena modestly. The WHITE SOX' secret (for staying in last place) is inexperience in the infield, says Manager Chuck Tanner. "You got to expect they aren't going to catch them all." They don't. KANSAS CITY Pitcher Ken Wright saved himself a trip to the minors by shutting out the Senators Friday night. It was his first major league win as a starter, his first complete game and his first shutout.

OAK 32-17, MINN 24-28, KC 21-22, CAL 23-25, MIL 12-24, CHI 12-23

Brut for Men.

If you have any doubts about yourself, try something else.

After shave, after shower, after anything.
Brut by Fabergé.

The Russians, thanks be, are leaving

They came, they toured and they made barrels of most U.S. rivals

Whenever rumors about new troubles with the Russians reach the hill-country hamlet of Paintsville, Ky., the oldtimers who spend their days decorating the steps of the Johnson County Courthouse with tobacco juice invariably react with yawns. This used to be Hatfield-McCoy territory, and folks around Paintsville still prefer their feuds closer to home, like when the Inez High School Indians come down from the surrounding hills to play the home-town boys in basketball. If anything makes the blood race in Eastern Kentucky more than white lightning, it is probably basketball.

It was because of this passion that Paintsville finally got excited last week about the Russians. Into town, aboard a Greyhound bus that rumbled through Appalachian countryside strewn with heaps of forgotten automobiles and adorned by billboards reading GET RIGHT WITH GOD, came some improbable visitors, the Soviet national basketball team. Nearing the end of a three-week U.S. tour, the tall pasty-faced strangers stayed around Paintsville long enough to demonstrate qualities they have in common with the Ralph Beards and Dan Issels who are held so dear in those parts. They whipped an American team 97–86, then departed for an easy win in Albuquerque before finally losing in Salt Lake City. When they left this week for Moscow, they took along an 8-1 record against U.S. competition, all of which makes one wonder whether the game might not have been invented by Dr. James Naismithonovich after all.

The Paintsville visit was arranged to give the "furriners" what Jim Fox, the AAU official who shepherded them around, called "something more low-keyed than usual," and it was certainly all of that. Paintsville offered no demonstrators such as those who picketed the team in Cincinnati to protest treatment of Soviet Jews nor was there anything like the awkward moment when a civic greeter in Buffalo, presenting the Russian athletes with a gift, kiddingly told them, "We're giving you this, and in return we expect you to give us back Cuba." It was with understandable relief that Prit Tomson, one of the few Soviet players to speak any English, said, "This is a small town, and because of this we have a good rest."

Decked out in cowboy hats they had picked up in Amarillo, Tomson and his countrymen marched off one evening, interpreter in tow, to Paintsville's tiny movie house to see *Waterloo*. The next night, benefiting from a fortuitous change in program, they returned to see *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*. As if this were not enough moviegoing, a rumor breezed through Paintsville that the Russians had also found time to take in an Elvis Presley triple feature at the Sky Vue drive-in, arriving in a Cadillac, of all things.

The report was quickly shot down by Robert Rice, the drive-in's ticket taker. "If a bunch of big guys talking Russian came in here in a Cadillac, I guess I'd a noticed 'em all right," he reasoned.

Apart from such innocent pleasures as those experienced in Paintsville, the Russians tended strictly to business throughout the tour, obviously regarding it as an important tuneup for next year's Munich Olympics. None of the Soviet players smoke and the only time any of them had so much as a sip of vodka was on the rare occasions that their chaperones were not around. "It is the aim of Soviet sport, and the spirit of Communist education, that we not just win but also build character," explained Marat Shishigin, chief of the Russian delegation. It was apparently in line with such lofty thought that when handsome Alexander Boloshev, a husky forward from Moscow, was called upon at a luncheon to kiss Paintsville's 18-year-old Apple Queen, Shishigin gently advised him, "*V scheku*—on the cheek."

But Boloshev deviated. Ardor overcoming obedience, he promptly kissed the young lady convincingly on the mouth, which moved her to conclude, "Men are the same everywhere."

So worldly a testimonial might have surprised *The New York Times*, which in running the Soviet team's itinerary had unaccountably referred to Paintsville as "Hicksville." The slur was further belied by the town's consolidated new Johnson Central High School, an ultramodern building with a gymnasium seating 5,500, which exceeds Paintsville's population by 1,400. The Russians drew 4,500, including Jim Fyffe, a Paintsville radio sportscaster, who said, "Boy, I'm glad I don't have to broadcast the game and wrestle with those names." But Fyffe, manning the PA system, proceed-

continued

WINNERS, THE RUSSIANS FOUND, SMILE, SHOP AND SOMETIMES ENJOY THEMSELVES

Money is easier to manage in a lot more cities today.

Managing the money you set aside for security, for protection, for growth doesn't have to be so confusing any more.

Because now there's help. State Mutual. And The America Group.

And we can help you in two ways. One, we're a convenient source for several different financial services as described below. Instead of spending your valuable time with three or four different people with three or four different points of view, you spend it in one place, at one time. And two, you get an objective look at the foundation of your planning, your life insurance. Because we work with many financial services, we know just how life insurance ought to fit into your personal program.

State Mutual of America. We're in the life insurance business because we believe no other form of money is so versatile, so valuable, so vital to your financial future.

And we're in The America Group because we think a lot of people could use a little help managing their money.

State Mutual of America

A member of The America Group: many companies, in many fields, looking from many directions at you and your financial future.

STATE MUTUAL OF AMERICA Individual and Group insurance including Life, Health and Annuities • HANOVER INSURANCE Multiple lines property [illegible] insurance • HANOVER LIFE Stock life insurance company featuring Individual and Group life and health products • CITIZENS MUTUAL A Michigan [illegible] insurance offering Workmen's Compensation, Liability and property insurance • WORCESTER GUARANTEE MUTUAL Property insurance companies offering personal and commercial coverages • BEACON AMERICAN SELECT RISK Ohio based property and casualty insurance companies • CALIFORNIA COMPENSATION Property and casualty company specializing in Workmen's Compensation • MASSACHUSETTS BAY Multiple lines property and casualty company • AMGRO INC. A premium finance company • COLONIAL MANAGEMENT Boston based investment counseling company

THE AMERICA GROUP

STATE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY of AMERICA, Worcester, Mass. 01605. Investing over $3 million a week in American enterprise

Improve your scrapbook without devastating your bankbook.

The Minolta SR T 100 costs only about $220, complete with a custom-ground Rokkor f/1 9 lens.

We say "only" because it is made to perform as well as 35mm reflex cameras costing up to $130 more. Including our own

If you don't mind giving up a few exotic features (a mirror lock and a self timer, for example) to save a lot of money on a fine camera, ask your dealer to show you the Minolta SR T 100. Or, write to us for illustrated literature.

Look for a little "M" tag attached to Minolta SR cameras It assures you of a 2-year warranty, according to the terms of the U S warranty registration packed with the camera. **Minolta**

Minolta Corp , 200 Park Ave So , N Y , N Y 10003 In Canada Anglophoto Ltd , P Q

ed to do a perfectly creditable job with such tongue twisters as Modestas Paulauskas and Aljan Zharmukhamedov, two of the Russian stars.

As elsewhere, the Soviet team seemed to play only as hard as was warranted by the competition, which varied from hapless at Amarillo to talented at Indianapolis, where the Russians outlasted Artis Gilmore and Jim McDaniels 80–78 before 13,000 spectators. In contrast to the well-drilled, defense-minded Russians, four of whom played together on their country's third-place team in the 1968 Olympics, most of the U.S. teams were hurriedly assembled, an example being the one at Paintsville, which consisted of a Lexington AAU club beefed up with a few ex-collegians.

Still, the Americans put up a fight at Paintsville. Although badly outmuscled under the backboards, they pulled to within a point, 75–74, with four minutes to go, thanks largely to the fine outside shotmaking of ex-University of Kentuckian Phil Argento But the red-jerseyed Russians, countering with some barnyard shooting of their own, notably from Sergei Belov, a 27-year-old guard, outscored the U.S. the rest of the way 22–12. "They're a lot more poised and polished than before," said Argento, who also played against the Soviets when they last toured the U.S. two years ago.

The idea of visiting Paintsville, inspired though it was, seemed somewhat less so the next day when the Soviet players left for Albuquerque, a 10-hour odyssey involving a 45-mile bus trip followed by a flight schedule that took them into six airports When the Soviets wearily arrived in mile-high Albuquerque, they were greeted by the promoters of the local game, a group of Jaycees in freshly lettered name tags, who had rolled out a genuine red carpet. As a nine-piece mariachi band serenaded them, the Russians were mortified to learn that instead of being taken at once to their downtown motel they were expected at an elaborate reception for the press.

Shishigin pettishly consented and then got in a good lick Asked if he regarded the travel arrangements as part of an American plot, the Soviet spokesman glowered from behind his wraparound sunglasses and replied, "If it is, then you gentlemen of the press are part of it, for you are keeping us waiting around the airport." He smiled and the crisis soon passed although not before the So-

continued

12
CHIVAS REGAL
1801
BLENDED SCOTCH
WHISKY
If there were a Son's Day,
do you think your father would think twice
about spending an extra few dollars on you?
12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

"There is no such thing as the perfect car. There is only the perfect car for now. A car with all the latest proven engineering concepts and design ideas."

Dr. Ferry Porsche

Porsche Audi: a division of Volkswagen.

viet team bowed out of a scheduled banquet that night at a Mexican restaurant, leaving long-faced Jaycees to feast on their *frijoles refritos* by themselves.

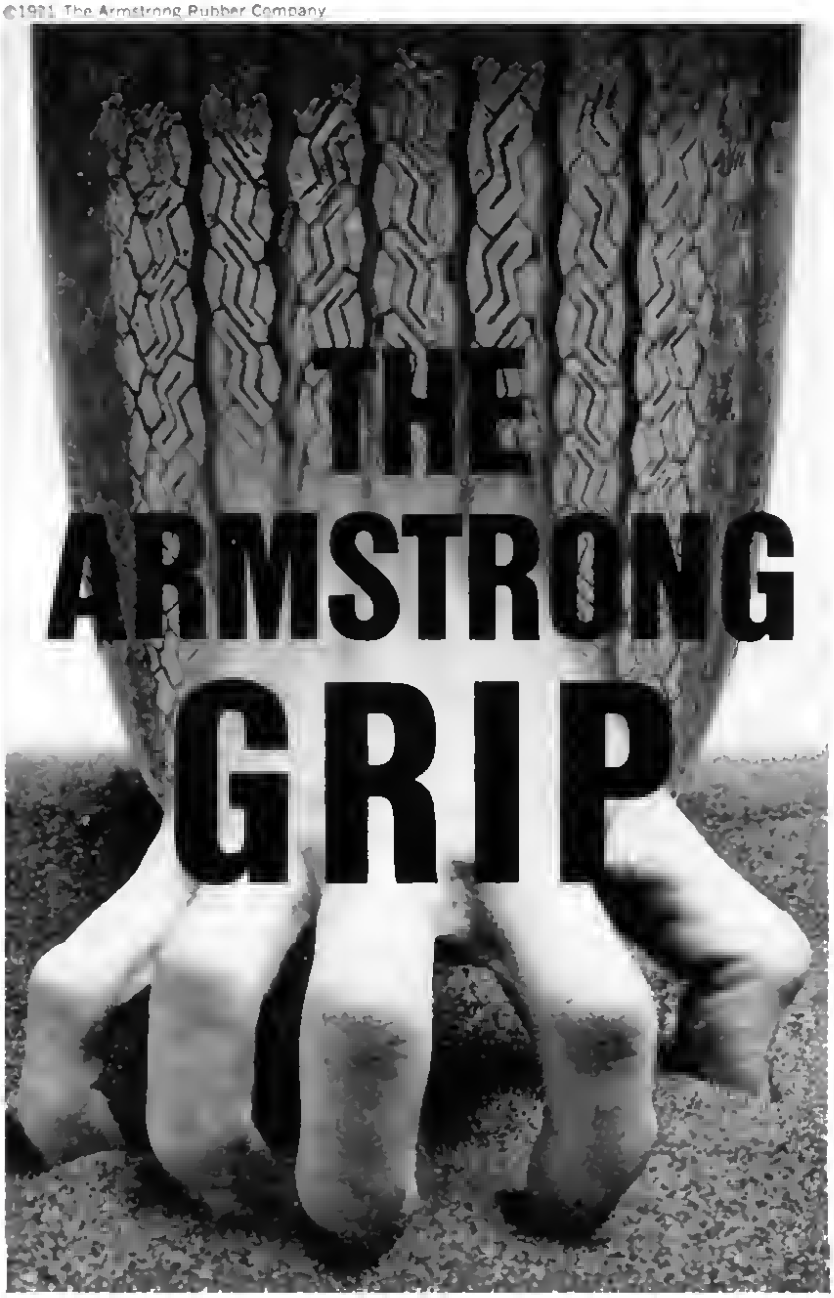
Next evening's game, meanwhile, was getting a big buildup LAST HOPE TO BEAT USSR? asked *The Albuquerque Tribune*, while the U.S. cause was strengthened with the enlistment of three first-round ABA draft choices, Weber State's Willie Sojourner, Armed Forces' Darnell Hillman and New Mexico's Willie Long, all 6'8" or better. But the Russians would not admit to feeling any pressure, not even 19-year-old Alexander Belov, the team's youngest member. No kin to Sergei-Belov is quite common in the Soviet Union since it literally means White—the sad-eyed Alexander just shrugged and muttered something in Russian about playing one game at a time.

As it turned out, the Americans might have been that red carpet at the airport, the way the Soviets walked over them 91-67. The younger Belov, who would be a pro prospect in the U.S., repeatedly twisted his 6'8" frame around—and sometimes over—the flat-footed Americans, while his comrades, working off precise picks, seldom missed from outside. "They seemed to have somebody open every play," said Utah's Mike Newlin, the San Diego Rockets-bound guard whose first-half ballhawking gave the Soviet team a few moments of trouble.

Their easy win made it debatable whether the Russians, in the U.S. to study basketball techniques, were the students or the teachers. "Learning is a reciprocal experience," said Shishigin just before the Russians left to receive a lesson in Salt Lake City—a 94-91 loss to a team of Utah all-stars.

That the Russians play good basketball hardly came as news, except possibly to the youngsters who mobbed the Soviet players for autographs at every stop, but nowhere with more enthusiasm than in Paintsville. "I'm gonna put this with my Cincinnati Reds collection," said one Kentucky boy, 11-year-old Jeff Buchanan, waving a Russian player's autograph. Asked whose it was, Jeff puzzled over the Cyrillic scrawl, then looked up helplessly. "Well, it doesn't matter," he said, with a sweep of his hand encompassing everything from Andreyev to Zharmukhamedov. "They're all pretty good." END

©1971 The Armstrong Rubber Company



ONLY
ARMSTRONG TIRES
HAVE IT.

The grip that's grooved to hold the road in any weather or road condition, grab strong, grip strong. The grip you get with our great line of Armstrong Tires. We pioneered grip even before we introduced fiber glass tires. And we never stop trying to improve it. The Armstrong Grip. This year it's stronger than ever.

ARMSTRONG TIRES
FIRST IN FIBER GLASS

Most Indy 500 drivers

If you already own a Sears DieHard, you're in good company.

This year, 19 out of the 33 cars at Indy were started with Sears DieHards. The battery that has a thin, polypropylene case.

That thin case means the DieHard has more room inside than rubber-cased batteries. More room for more power.

So the DieHard has extra starting

Die

started out just like you.

power to start your car when most batteries won't.

The DieHard is sold only at Sears Tire and Auto Centers. Or through the Sears, Roebuck and Co. catalog.

Sears
Tire and Auto Centers

Since 1850, when men dismounted to run it on foot, the steeplechase has had a bizarre history. Jeromee Liebenberg follows the tradition

Not a dry foot in the house

Last August, upon his return from dual meets in Paris, Stuttgart and Leningrad, Jeromee Liebenberg took his Ford van, his fiancee Sue, his Indian headbands and beads and headed for California. The van was decorated with orange scrollwork and little blue flowers, and Liebenberg, who spells his first name with a double "e" but rather perversely pronounces it "Jerome," wore his orange hair to his shoulders. Off he drove to Big Sur, and his friends thought they might have seen the last of him. His detractors thought he belonged in a commune anyway. Liebenberg thought he needed a rest, which he got.

The Leningrad meet, in which he came in sixth and last in the 3,000-meter steeplechase in a dismally slow 9.17.6, had concluded a long season in which Liebenberg had run 11 steeplechases plus innumerable miles, three-miles and six-miles. Often doubling or tripling, he had helped his school, Western Michigan, win all its dual meets and yet another — the 12th in 13 years — Mid-American Conference title. At the NCAA championships he had placed second in the steeplechase, and in the AAUs he had finished fourth in 8.44.4, a personal best.

Despite Liebenberg's prowess, his hair, his headbands and the fact that he didn't tuck in his running shirt prevented him from being taken seriously. *Track & Field News* reported that he looked "less like a distance runner and more like a refugee from *Tobacco Road*."

Liebenberg had his hair cut when he returned to school last fall, but not, he insists, because his coach, Jack Shaw, asked him to. "I found it easier to run with shorter hair," he says. He still wore his mustache and his granny glasses, and he doned his floor-length burlap robe for meals at the campus cafeteria, but he was rounding into a more purposeful person. A senior with a major in phys ed, he took over a student-teaching program and, when he faced his students for the first time, he says he suddenly felt "grown-up." He also was determined to make up for Leningrad, and as soon as the snow melted in Kalamazoo he started his 125-miles-a-week training program. He set his goals high: to win at the conference meets, to win at the NCAAs, to qualify for the Pan-American Games team at the AAUs, and to set a world record and win an Olympic gold medal. Running, he decided, was to be his main preoccupation for the next two years, and when his fiancée didn't agree, he broke the engagement.

His first reward came at the Dogwood Relays in Knoxville in April, when he ran the steeplechase in 8.32.2, only 1.6 seconds slower than George Young's national record and the second-best time ever recorded by an American.

The steeplechase has been called the toughest of the distance races, since it demands both endurance and technique. Liebenberg has made it his specialty because he finds flat races boring. He admits, though, that one has to be a masochist to enjoy going over five three-foot barriers on each of seven laps including, most arduous of all, the water hazard, which is 2½ feet deep at its deepest point.

The steeplechase is an offshoot of the horse racing event of the same name. As Roberto Quercetani relates in his *A World History of Track and Field Athletics*, one day in the fall of 1850 several members of Oxford's Exeter College were discussing an obstacle race they had just completed on horseback. One of them, Halifax Wyatt, is said to have remarked, "I would much prefer to go over that two-mile course on foot rather than mount that camel again." His friends took him up on it, and the race was run later that year over a rough course that included 24 jumps.

The event has had its ups and downs. Officially instituted as a two-mile race in 1889, it has been dropped and resumed four times. It made its Olympic debut in 1900 in Paris with two races of 2,500 and 4,000 meters each. The distance was permanently set at 3,000 meters in 1932, but at the Los Angeles Games that year the judges lost count of the laps and the competitors wound up running 3,460 meters. It was not un-

til the IAAF congress of 1954 that definitive rules were established for the race, which necessitated the nullification of all previous world records.

Although Liebenberg has never got more than his feet wet at the water jump, others have been less fortunate. Paavo Nurmi took the plunge in a heat at the 1928 Olympics in Amsterdam. A Frenchman, Lucien Duquesne, stopped and graciously helped him to his feet. The grateful Nurmi towed Duquesne along for the rest of the race and asked him to go ahead and finish first; Duquesne humbly chose second place. Last summer, in the Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh, Australia's Kerry O'Brien, who had previously set the world record of 8:22.0, caught his foot on top of the beam and toppled into the water. Alas, no gallant Frenchman was around.

Now 22, Liebenberg was born in Chicago and grew up in Milwaukee, where he was state high-school cross-country champion. He enrolled at Western Michigan because of its fine track program. "I also knew," he says, "that *Playboy* rated it the third-best party school in the nation."

Although he fancied the steeplechase, Liebenberg found the event exasperating. "You're slowing over the hurdles, then picking it up again," he says. "You lose a lot of energy because of the changes in speed. So your slowdowns have to become so minute that they affect you as little as possible. You strive for fluidity. I used to try to jump into the pit as far as possible and I was hurting my ankle. Coach Shaw taught me not to bend over so much, to shorten my step into the pit and to stand up coming out of it."

"I told him to look down on the barrier to make sure that his foot is on it, but then to look out," says Shaw, adding that the water jump was about the only phase of steeplechasing in which he could help him. An independent cuss, Liebenberg works out his own training schedules, keeps his own running log and informs Shaw before each practice session what he wants to run.

Last month, at the Mid-American Conference meet in Athens, Ohio, Liebenberg was again the high point man (28) for victorious Western Michigan. In each of his three races, the steeplechase, the mile and the three-mile, he was competing against his archrival, Sid Sink of Bowling Green, the NCAA steeplechase champion. Liebenberg won the steeplechase in 8:34.7, excellent time for a gravel track and concrete water pit. He also won the mile in 4:06.9, a personal best, and came in second to Sink in the three-mile in 13:39.9, which improved his best time by 8.1 seconds.

For a world-class runner, Liebenberg has curious habits. He drinks a lot of beer and eats strange meals. For example, on the bus to a meet he may munch on anchovies, sardines, salami and pretzels. "He does things nobody else does," says a friend, Half-Miler Dave Mastervich. "Like when he started knitting in class."

"I always wanted to know how to knit," says Liebenberg, "because we go on these long bus trips and I thought if I could knit I could do something constructive. So I knitted this thing—six by six inches. It was green."

His friends recall the time at the Washington, D.C. airport when Liebenberg was sitting next to a man smoking a cigar. "Jeromee took out his can of air freshener and sprayed all over the man," recalls Decathloner Steve Smith. "When the man got mad and started calling us feminine types for our long hair, Jeromee took out his knitting."

Liebenberg also impresses his friends with actions that seem "straight" for one who went to Woodstock. For instance, he has been making money on the stock market and recently bought a 1971 Camaro. A few weeks ago he started dating Mary Ellen Jenkins, a demure brunette who patiently watches his races from the top row of the stands. "I don't like a woman who talks all the time," says Liebenberg, who doesn't talk much himself.

However, he does have something to say about the youth of today. "Most of them are very idealistic," he says. "They think they can change things. I've been through all this already, and I don't think we can change anything. All these years that I've been in college, we've been having all these demonstrations all over the country, and the war is still going on. Two years ago some students at Western Michigan took over the student union, because it was always being closed at 11 p.m. and they wanted to stay longer. They occupied it for one night. The student union still closes at 11 p.m. We couldn't even change *that*. It all seems so useless. I don't have the time anymore." END

Creating a better impression

Cross Writing Instruments in Lustrous Chrome, 12 and 14 Kt. Gold Filled, Sterling and Solid 14 Karat Gold. From five to fifty dollars each. At Better Stores Worldwide.

I wish I could say that I gamboled up the slopes of Nepal like a mountain goat. Or begin this report with a sentence that reads: As we forded the Kali Gandaki River, my companions far behind. . . . Or better yet: Where was my Sherpa guide? Lost, no doubt.

Alas! The truth of the matter is I did not gambol, I limped. I did not ford the Kali Gandaki River, I fell in. And my Sherpa guide is thinking of early retirement. As I nurse sensation back into still-numb feet I now add trekking to the list of things at which I am inept, in a history of general ineptness.

Trekking, the current euphemism for walking, is the latest rage in holiday travel. It is antipathetic to motorized transport, television, home-cooked meals, electric lights, hot baths and beds with coil springs. Nevertheless, people wanting to get away from it all can and do trek—over Alp and through jungle, leaving footprints in the snows of Iceland, the dust of East Africa and the dank flora of New Guinea. Finally, if they are ultimists, they can even try the *sine qua non* of trekking, the Himalayas, via Nepal, that tiny mountain-studded kingdom between India and Tibet. Of the 12 highest mountains in the world seven are in *continued*

HIMALAYAN TREK OR TREAT

by JEANNETTE BRUCE

A tale of derring-do and don't, in which the author (aided by the travel firm of Thos. F. Cook & Son) has her ups and downs in the mountains of Nepal

Nepal. Its people, born on slopes inimical to the wheel, are a merry mixture of countless tribes. Superstitious, they are moved more by gods than politicians. They go barefoot up stony hillsides, breathing unpolluted air. They laugh a lot.

Ah, you are thinking, what joy, what peace, but you are thinking it as you sip a dry martini or snuggle down on your Beautyrest. Likewise, once upon a time, a sweet innocence or two ago, thought I.

It all started when I heard that Cooks Travel Service had scheduled a Himalayan trek from Pokhara to Annapurna. Cooks—The Greatest Name in Travel. Also the Oldest, the Wisest, the Most Economical. For a mere $1,000 I could rely on Cooks to transport me from London to Nepal and back. The price included food, tent and guidance every step of the way for 21 carefree days among picture-book mountains. There used to be a song, *Follow the Man from Cooks*. Had Cooks in the past not arranged for countless little old ladies to visit such exotic places as Paris, Venice and Cairo, met them at airports, tucked them into hotels and brought them back? Would a company with such a reputation offer to take me for a walk and lead me down the garden path? Vacation in the Himalayas? Why not? Good old Cooks.

My knowledge of mountains was minimal, though I had applauded the conquest of Everest with the rest of the world and had always admired Sir Edmund Hillary's first words as he and Tenzing Norgay descended from the summit of the highest mountain. "Well," he is reported to have said, "we knocked the bastard off." Prior to that, Maurice Herzog had climbed Annapurna, the first of the Great Himalayas to be scaled, but in the process left all of his fingers and toes behind. Mountains don't fool around. I had a mental vision of myself shaking a small, chapped fist at Annapurna, though trekking, in truth, has about the same relationship to mountain climbing as the Soap Box Derby has to the Indianapolis 500. This in no way diminished my enthusiasm. I am inordinately fond of my fingers and toes. I wrote to Cooks in London for further information.

By return mail came an application form, with a request that my doctor submit a letter attesting to my good health. Would my lungs, for example, hold up at an altitude of 18,000 feet? The application also asked that I list my previous walking or climbing experience. The distance we would trek, as best could be judged, would be roughly 250 miles. My personal record of a lifetime might have added up to a three-mile round trip, achieved during the New York bus and subway strike, when I labored along the flat, concrete sidewalks of Sixth Avenue to and from my office, drowned in self-pity. This would never do for Cooks. I wrote that I was an active member of the Sierra Club, which was true. I had paid my dues regularly. As an afterthought I tossed in that I had walked from the Italian Riviera to the French Riviera, which added a nice, Continental flavor and was inspired by a friend who had made such a trip. If I had not actually slogged the route myself, the two or three boring weekends I put in looking at his slides and homemade movies of the scenery made me eligible.

Harry J. Grant, the special promotions manager of Cooks, apparently took all this fiction to be fact and wrote back promptly that I had been accepted into an otherwise all-British group—nine women and 14 men. I tried to visualize the British citizens with whom I would be trekking to Annapurna, but it was no good. They all came out looking like Leslie Howard dragging Hermione Gingold up a hill.

When Harry Grant's first formal bulletin arrived, it left no doubt in my mind that I was not going to be sitting around Nepalese gardens sipping tea. "Intending members," he advised, "should appreciate that when trekking in Nepal they are for nearly all of the time away from 'civilised' centres, in a remote countryside with few forms of communication other than bearers. They will be camping in wild and sometimes quite difficult conditions, and although their basic provisions will be carried with them they must rely for meat on livestock in the countryside. The Annapurna area is said to be fairly well-endowed in this respect, and chicken, goat meat and possibly yak meat are likely to be available from time to time in variation of the basic tinned-meat diet and farinaceous foods such as rice and spaghetti."

While I was still trying to cope with farinaceous foods the itinerary arrived, and exotic names leapt out at me: Pokhara, Henja, Pamdur, Tatopani. A clothing list, covering two pages, accompanied the itinerary. "Bring a pair of sneakers for evening wear in camp," ran the most depressing line on the optional list. I was to be thrown on the collective bosom of 14 Leslie Howards, and all I would have to offer by way of charm was a pair of *sneakers*. Any notion I had been entertaining about looking sexy après-trek was now dismissed. Bulletins continued to flow across the Atlantic, and I sent one of my own to the prolific Grant.

"I cannot get a clear idea from the clothing list about ladies' underwear," I wrote, "and if this is not too delicate a question, how many sets should I bring or will there be some sort of Nepalese laundromat at the foot of Annapurna?" The special promotions manager of Cooks was not to be put off by so simple a question.

"As regards laundry," he replied quickly, "I am afraid you will find that what you have to do is to wash your 'smalls' in the many streams that you will follow and cross and recross . . . You probably won't wash anything and maybe not even yourself for a day or two around High Camp, where it will be rather cold. . . ."

The trek was to begin the first of November, with the group meeting in London. By September, Mr. Grant was fairly beating his typewriter to death, and my sheaf of bulletins and instructions was running a close second to the Sunday edition of *The New York Times* for bulk. There was one bulletin I did not like the sound of at all.

"An important and very worthwhile modification has been made in the intended itinerary to Annapurna; it is that all members will achieve a maximum of 12,500 feet on the eastern slopes of the Dhaulagiri Range, where they will camp for two nights and visit the Dhaulagiri Icefall. Those members *then fit and able* (italics his) to go *higher* may go from this camp to a *higher* viewpoint of approximately 17,000 feet." I read on with glazed eyes. "Some altitude stress will naturally be felt at 12,500 feet but should not seriously affect people in first-class condition. The stress above this altitude up to 17,000 feet can be quite severe and is unpredictable; indeed, some people may feel it very little or not at all, whereas others may be substantially affected."

I had to open Mr. Grant's next hair-

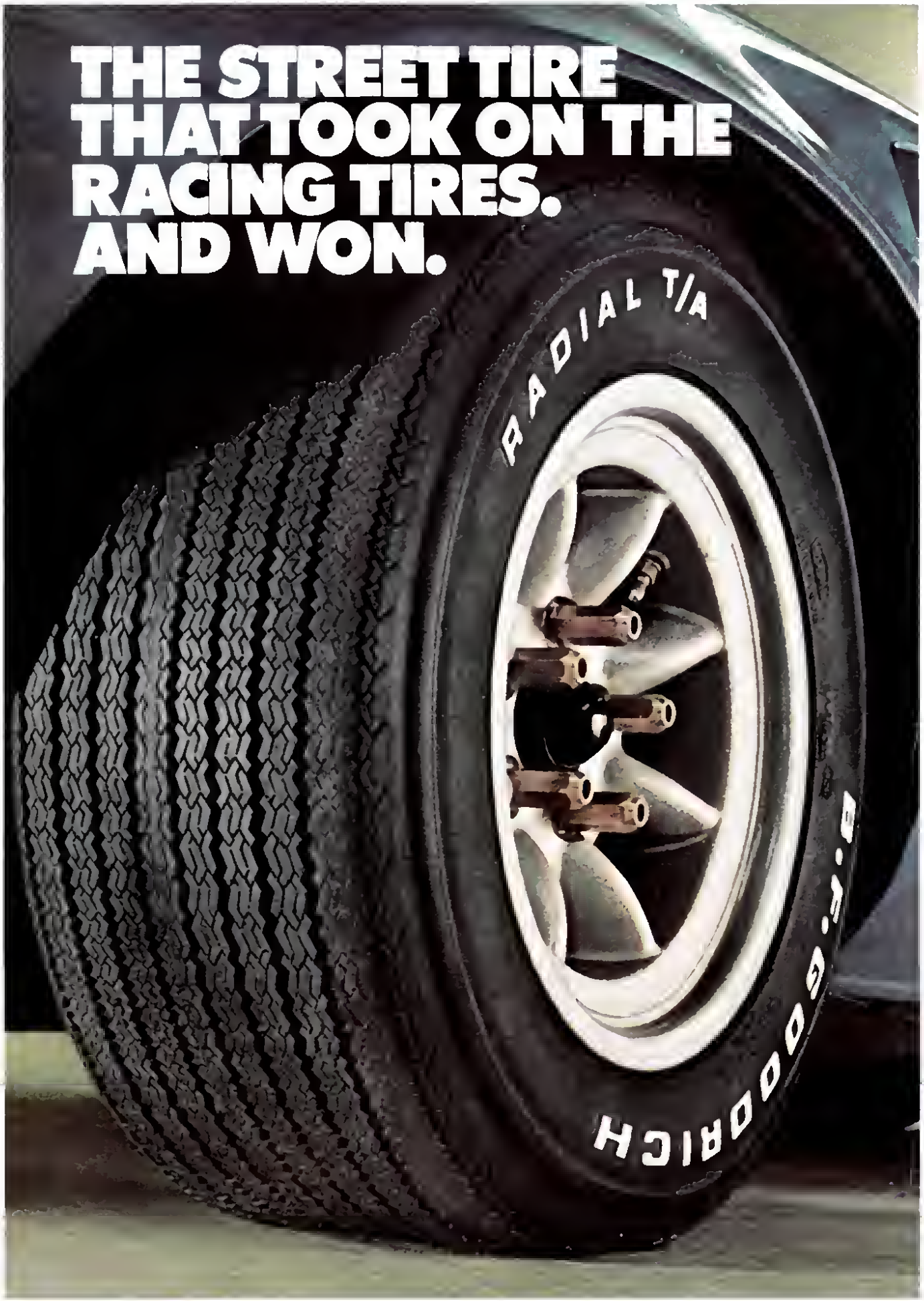
continued

When you drive to Rough Rock, carry your own.

You probably won't find Rough Rock on any map. It's one of those rare spots where you can't buy Quaker State. But the fact is, you can buy Quaker State in every county or parish of every state in the country.

Quaker State—refined only from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—has a matchless ability to protect engines. It's real peace of mind for the motorist who is a long way from home. No wonder Quaker State is America's most preferred motor oil. No wonder more dealers sell Quaker State than any other brand.

Quaker State your car to keep it running young.


THE STREET TIRE
THAT TOOK ON THE
RACING TIRES.
AND WON.
RADIAL T/A
B.F. GOODRICH

Nobody thought a street tire could hold its own against racing tires. Until we raced the new BFG Radial T/A.

One of its first tests was an SCCA race at Watkins Glen. The BFG Radial Tirebird—driven by John Cordts—was riding on Radial T/A street tires with half their normal tread depth. All other cars were riding on special racing rubber.

A grueling race at speeds up to 160 mph. And we won. First in class. Second overall.

Then the B.F. Goodrich Radial T/A was ready for the big time. 24 hours of Daytona.

In just five hours, we moved up 14 places. Up to fifth in our class. We were on our way to a strong finish when—luck of the game—we blew an engine.

But we proved our point. The BFG Radial T/A is a class of street tires all by itself.

It's as wide as any radial tire, anywhere. 60-series wide. That kind of width means muscle. It's built with four big belts of Dynacor® Rayon Cord over a pair of radial body plies. That means it's tough.

Of course, it comes with raised white letters. We figure when you own the street tire that took on the racing tires, you want the world to know.

The new BFG Radial T/A. The one racy-looking tire that actually raced. The one with more than enough muscle for your kind of driving. Only at your B.F. Goodrich retailer.

BFG. THE LIFESAVER® RADIAL TIRE PEOPLE.

B.F.Goodrich

in pursuit of excellence

Packs Easy, Travels Light.

Be a comfortable tourist
in these lightweight dressy casuals
from Hush Puppies.
Fresh double buckle style.
Wear a pair. Pack a pair.
Make your vacation choice
from soft suede
pigskin or smooth leather.
From about $14.00.

A free phone call gets you the name of your nearest store
Dial 800-243-6100 (In Connecticut dial 1 800 942 0655)

WOLVERINE WORLD WIDE

©1971 WOLVERINE WORLD WIDE INC
ROCKFORD MICHIGAN 49341
makers of Hush Puppies® shoes and boots

raising communiqué with my teeth and one hand, having been immunized against smallpox, tetanus, typhoid, polio, typhus and cholera. My pockets jingled with vials of dysentery pills and malaria suppressants.

"It is just possible," I read gloomily, "that the further rise to 17,000 feet, mentioned in my last bulletin, may be achieved by those still fit and wanting to, but the question is under consideration because, although not 'climbing' in the technical sense, it would involve the use of ropes and picks. This higher viewpoint is known as White Peak." This bulletin was accompanied by yet another form to be signed that was bluntly headed "Assumption of Risk." As far as I could gather, the assumption was theirs, the risk was mine.

The next bulletin announced that our Group Leader was to be none other than Mountaineer Eric Shipton, who had led the 1951 expedition to Everest, an expedition that included Sir Edmund Hillary. It was that reconnaissance trip on which the successful southern route up Everest had been discovered, culminating two years later in the conquest itself. Shipton, I learned, had once climbed 26 peaks in excess of 20,000 feet on a single trip. My admiration for his courage and stamina was clouded only by the vague suspicion that he might be insane. I signed the "Assumption of Risk" and mailed it back to Harry Grant.

Then it was off to Bloomingdale's but that department store, it turned out, did not carry string underwear in Lingerie, had never stocked balaclava helmets in Millinery, failed to turn up chukka hiking boots in Shoes and did not handle Glacier Creme in Notions. But no matter, I could, one of my bulletins informed me, buy everything I needed in London, that city of historical renown, to which I was duly conveyed in a big, silver bird.

It was at the Excelsior Hotel, near London's Heathrow Airport, that I first met some of my fellow trekkers. Most of the men were considerably older than Leslie Howard, even adding on the years he's been dead. Eric Jarvis, who came to be called Old Eric, so as not to confuse him with Eric Shipton, was 66. A retired bank manager, he confided that he had indulged a passion for climbing most of his adult life, making many of

continued

You can get the best insurance deal in town. If you just remember our name.

We'll go to great lengths to keep you from forgetting the easy-to forget name of our company

Because we know that "Mutual Benefit Life" sounds like the name of any of a half-dozen other firms

And that's frustrating, because there's only one company that does business the way we do.

Our company

Mutual Benefit Life has built an envied reputation in the financial and insurance world on the quality of our policies and their liberal provisions

We're known for extending new features in our policies not just to current buyers, but old policyholders, too

We re known for the flexibility of our coverages For the way our individual insurance programs can be changed to suit changing circumstances

We're also known for the caliber of the men who represent us

Accountants, lawyers and bankers know our reputation Ask them about us

Mutual Benefit Life A name to remember

THE MID-SIZE FORDS. SMART AND ALREADY

1971 Torino Brougham 4-Door Hardtop

In just three years, more than a million Americans have bought the mid-size Fords. And paid a lot less for them than you'd expect.

Torino is for people—all kinds of people, from singles to young-marrieds to not-so-young marrieds—who want a car that's not too big, not too small. Torino's right in the middle. Right between the big Ford LTD and the compact Maverick.

Torino families are four-door, two-door, SportsRoof and station wagon families.

And Torino itself is a family. A handsome family of 14 lean, sleek cars that handle and park like the small ones, but give you plenty of room for six.

Whatever Torino model you like, you'll find it's the right size, the right style, the right price. That's why we've already sold more than a million mid-size Fords.

See your Ford Dealer about a Torino.

Better idea for safety, buckle up

FORD TORINO

his trips with Tom Littledale, a retired schoolteacher. Old Eric tended to be taciturn, while Tom, lean and ebullient, talked nonstop.

"By rough calculation," Tom told me, "Eric judges that we've been up about 60 mountains together, including the Zinalrothorn and the Wetterhorn. Most of our climbing has been done in the Alps. I did a small trek in Kashmir in 1946 to celebrate the end of the war, and some years ago Eric went off without me to do the Julian Alps in Yugoslavia, the Tatra in Czechoslovakia and Pt. Lenana in Kenya. Of course, we've climbed the Matterhorn. Anyone interested in climbing does the Matterhorn."

"Of course," I said. I saw no reason to mention Sixth Avenue during the transit strike.

In addition to the bank manager and three schoolteachers, the party included a nuclear physicist, three doctors, a genteel lady named Rosemary who worked in the British Foreign Office, a telephone operator, two housewives, a sociologist, a semiretired civil engineer, a hotelier, a stockbroker, a geologist, an economist and a policeman. Then there was Vi Tate, in her mid-60s, who had once been asked to choose between her fiance and a trip around the world. Vi had chosen the world tour and had been traveling ever since. "Can't stand sitting around the house, never could," she declared to Rosamond Twistington-Higgins, an art teacher from Sussex. In her restlessness, Vi had once bossed a ranch in Wyoming, made two trips to the Antarctic and, while crossing the Sahara, had been thrown from a camel. Sixth Avenue she hadn't tried.

And there was Eric Shipton. He was sitting in a corner of the Excelsior lounge reading Edward Whymper's *Travels Among the Great Andes of the Equator*. An ice ax was beside his chair. Shorter than average but sturdily built, he had thinning white hair that emphasized a strong jaw. His complexion was ruddy, his eyes a bright, inquisitive blue. Occasionally he looked up from his book, his expression puzzled, as if he were trying to remember how he got where he was and what, if anything, he was supposed to be doing.

"He never talks much at low altitudes," explained Anthony Fox, our deputy leader. "Once we get above sea level he'll open up." Tony Fox was an impressive 28-year-old who stood 6′ 3″. An administrative assistant at Britain's Ramblers' Association—the counterpart of America's Sierra Club—he had assisted Shipton on an Everest trek the previous year. "Now then," he said at one point, "we all understand that once we start trekking there will be no personal deviations from the approved route, and no one is to leave his tent at night without a torch. We don't want a repeat performance of the blighter who went over a cliff last year."

"Who did what?" I asked politely. I could not recall Mr. Grant mentioning this little incident in any of his bulletins. "Went out looking for a bush one night and tumbled off the edge," said Tony. "Fortunately he recovered after some months in a hospital. The ground is not always level, you understand, and occasionally our tents will be pitched on slopes." I thought about that a while. Then I thought it best to stop thinking.

Word came that our plane was colicky, which caused a delay of some hours, but finally we were off to faraway Nepal, where we were to spend a full day in Katmandu arranging for the trek. From there we would be conveyed by the Royal Nepal Airline to Pokhara, a 45-minute flight. In Pokhara we would be met by 10 Sherpas and 30 porters supplied by an organization called Mountain Travel, whose business is equipping climbing expeditions and treks right down to the last tin of farinaceous food.

The 14-hour flight was tedious, and I fell in briefly with Duncan McPherson, a Scot from Edinburgh who had served as a bridge engineer in Madras, India during the Second World War. Like Old Eric and Tom, he had a passion for traveling by foot.

"Familiar with Sikkim, are you?" he asked, as the plane droned on toward my doom.

"Not intimately," I said. He looked at me severely, his spectacles glinting. "Almost anyone interested in trekking has done Sikkim," he said. "It takes about four weeks. You leave Kalimpong, ac-chly, where there is a home for Anglo-Indians, then walk to Gangtok, the capital of Sikkim. From Gangtok you go up the Lachen Chu over the Serpo La, something over 18,000 feet, then down the Lachung valley and back to Gangtok. Then you can go along the Singa-

continued

A reminder from Gillette:

If you don't vote in June, don't complain in July.

It's up to you. Again.

Last year millions of you voted and elected Major League Baseball's All-Star Teams.

And this year, you get to do it again. (With a little help from Gillette, sponsor of Major League Baseball broadcasts for over 30 years.)

Here's all you do. Pick up an official All-Star Ballot where Gillette products are sold, or at any major or minor league ballpark. Deadline for voting is midnight, June 30, 1971. Ballots will be tabulated by computer under the supervision of the Commissioner of Baseball.

The difference between a star and an All-Star is your vote. Use it.

Gillette

The first name in televised sports. The greatest name in shaving.

Gillette participation in the official balloting for the 1971 All-Star Game is by authority and under the supervision of Major League Baseball, Bowie Kuhn, Commissioner. If your store is out of ballots, send self addressed, stamped envelope to Baseball Commissioner, All-Star Election HQ, Box 611, Rosemount, Minn. 55068.

lila ridge to Darjeeling—where exactly have you done your trekking?" I embarked on a falsehood about the Catskills.

"Molehills," said Duncan.

Katmandu. A city of dust, flies, sacred cows, pagoda-like temples and brightly painted rickshaws. The people, Newars, a slender, brown-skinned race with almond-shaped eyes and bright smiles. The rickshaws, attached to bicycles, waited hopefully for business outside the entrance to the Hotel Shanker, the converted Nepalese palace in which we stayed. A palace is not necessarily a castle. Tony described with relish a rat that was sharing his quarters. Room keys, by custom left dangling in keyholes, soundlessly disappeared and reappeared with unsettling regularity. An enormous room chart near the reception desk, to which one was waved, was a masterpiece of confusion, with almost no one occupying the room inscribed thereon. Lamps flickered on and off, necessitating a treasure hunt that led along exposed wires to an invisible plug lodged behind an immovable chest. Nepalese "runners," dressed in white cotton trousers and tunics that flared at the knees, sat patiently outside each room, anxious to follow instructions they could not understand.

Dr. Frank, an orthopedic surgeon, spent a sleepless night in a room he had shared with the geologist we called Red John. Our other two Johns had been designated Dr. John and Youngjohn. Red John, whose trekking costume, from socks to slouch hat, was of scarlet hue, looked like Alec Guinness made up for one of his roles in *Kind Hearts and Coronets*.

"Red John snores, I'm afraid," complained Dr. Frank, coming haggard to the breakfast table. "I can't share a tent with someone who makes such a frightful din." We all peered covertly at Red John, who appeared well-rested and was happily spooning up porridge a few tables away. "Do you suppose he wears that ludicrous outfit in London?" asked Eric Shipton.

Word came late that morning that Nepalese officials had refused to issue permits for "an assault" on White Peak because an early snowfall in the Dhaulagiri area made the project risky. This was a bitter disappointment to all but one member of the group, who managed nevertheless to put on a suitably long face when the announcement was made. Shipton and Fox went off to see what could be done. There was a possibility, said Shipton, of going by a different route to the Tilicho area, a region not far from the Tibetan frontier and still largely unexplored. If so, he knew of an unnamed 18,400-foot peak we might climb. (He would!) Dr. Jack, our official medical officer, referred to by the others as "our ready m.o.," said he thought the medical supplies and four canisters of oxygen we were carrying would be adequate for the slightly longer trip. Jean cried, "Oh, isn't it supah! supah! supah!" Jean was to be my tentmate. A pert 37-year-old schoolteacher who had moved seven years before from England to Whitehorse, Canada in the Yukon, she had a boundless enthusiasm for potential discomfort and the same nauseatingly solid background of trekking as the others.

Fox and Shipton returned to the hotel just before dinner, flushed with the triumphant news that our trekking permits had been revised and that we would trek to Tilicho Pass and the unnamed peak.

"Splendid!" said François, the stockbroker, who had once dealt with a friend's perforated ulcer at 14,000 feet.

"Smashing news," said Dr. Jack, who had once broken his leg in an avalanche. Dr. John loaned me *Nepali Self-Taught*, a book he had picked up outside the Temple of Holy Pornography in Katmandu.

Pokhara. A lush, green valley dominated by Macha Puchare (22,935 feet), which translates as Fishtail because of its twin-peaked summits separated by a recess in which, the natives believe, a goddess dwells. And here, right from the doorway of our airplane, the trek began. Hoisting my rucksack, I stumbled after the others as we set off, passing chickens, goats, cows and an occasional water buffalo splashing in a mud hole by the side of the road. Children tumbled everywhere, shouting *namaste* which means literally I salute the God in you, and serves as good morning, good evening, how are you and goodby. Orange and lemon trees dotted the landscape. Red poinsettias decorated rounded huts with thatched roofs, and prayer flags, small flowers or bright bits of rags tied to trees, fluttered overhead. Our porters, each carrying loads of 50 to 70 pounds, preceded us in single file, looking in the distance like hunchbacks on their way to Notre Dame. Vi Tate stopped frequently to photograph spider webs threading the bushes. Hugh, the nuclear physicist, silent and aloof, gathered specimens of fauna and flora, dropped bits and pieces into his camera case and stopped every so often to sweep the countryside with his binoculars.

"How goes it?" I asked, catching up. He didn't answer. Nuclear physicists trust no one. Duncan McPherson plodded past with Old Eric and Tom, tilted forward, hands clasped behind his back. I trotted along behind.

"From Srinagar," Duncan was saying, "I walked to Leh in Ladakh, about 200 miles. . . " I dropped back. Rosamond Twistington-Higgins walked with a peculiar shuffle, iron-gray hair clipped short, her tweed skirt and open-necked shirt neatly pressed. I was already sweating and rumpled.

Word came that 32-year-old David, the bobby, had fallen afoul of the local disease, known farther south as Delhi Belly, or the Katmandu Leap to the Loo. Tony called it "gutrot." "We'll all get it sooner or later," he said. An hour's stop at Phewa Lake for food and rest was refreshing or would have been had I arrived there in time to enjoy it. As I accepted a tin plate from Dana, the cook, on which reposed our morning "rumble tumble" (eggs), a cold pancake and what looked like a slab of Spam, the others, long finished, were leaving. "Press on!" cried Rosemary, galloping past.

I pressed on, up the scree (loose, sliding stones), hot and winded. My pace was that of a snail with malnutrition. By the time I reached our first mountain stream the others had crossed. Tony waited on the opposite side with a handful of Sherpas. It was a small stream but undoubtedly as wet as a big one. The idea was to cross by placing one foot at a time on the dry tops of rocks submerged in the water. Some of the rocks, unevenly distributed and barely above the surface, came to a point. All were slippery. A miss is as good as a mile. I floundered in, just short of the bank. The Sherpas rocked with laughter.

"You've made their day," said Tony.

continued

New Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic II does things no other camera in the world can do.

There isn't a camera in the world, at any price, that can match the vibrant color richness, the flare-free image, the intricate detail that you can now capture easily with the new Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic II

Go ahead Shoot into the sun Take strongly backlit pictures. You'll get crisp results without flare or ghost images and sharper pictures with better contrast.

Only the exclusive Pentax lens coating process makes these difficult shots possible. No matter how good, how expensive your present camera may be, it simply cannot duplicate the Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic II.

World's best metering system.

The Spotmatic II has the same compact "feel," the same superior metering system that made Pentax the world's best-selling 35mm camera Its through-the-lens meter makes perfect pictures easy. The Pentax system also includes more lenses, closeup attachments and accessories than you'll ever need plus a choice of *nine* other fine Pentax cameras to fit every application and budget. The Spotmatic II with f/1.4 lens lists for about $340, other models from about $190

Some photo dealers are not authorized to handle the Honeywell Pentax line. If the dealer you visit does not have the Honeywell product you want, shop elsewhere. Send the coupon for literature

Honeywell Photographic
P.O. Box 22083
Denver, Colorado 80222

Please send free Honeywell Pentax* Spotmatic II literature to.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

*Honeywell Pentax in the U S and Mexico. Asahi Pentax elsewhere

Honeywell

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies 86 8 Proof Imported by SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD, New York, N.Y.

1.

2.

3.

4.

If this were the only bottle left in the whole world and you had it, who would you share it with?

Johnnie Walker Red. The world's largest selling Scotch.

"Sherpas adore minor catastrophes. A leg full of leeches will have them rolling down the slopes." One of the Sherpas, no doubt taken with my performance, trailed after me the rest of the afternoon. His name, as far as I could make out, was Patooti.

"Dh, dear, dreadf'ly sorry," said Dr. Jack, when I arrived at the campsite an hour behind the others and showed him two blisters the size of walnuts. As he was applying Band-Aids, Jean stuck her head in the tent.

"Want to take a walk?"

"No thanks," I said. "I've just taken one." Chef Dana went by with two live chickens, one under each arm. A few minutes later an indignant squawk was followed by silence. The fowl deed, converted into shoe leather, was served for supper over rice. "Sherpas," said Shipton amiably, "are probably the worst cooks in the world."

There was even better news to come. From now on we would arise at five a.m. and after morning tea start off so as to get the better part of the walking done in the cool of the morning. Our next day's march would take us to Khare at 5,600 feet, a climb of 2,000 feet or roughly, I calculated forlornly, twice the height of the Empire State Building. We sat around the fire. Dumphreys McKettle, who owned a hotel in Weymouth, had bought a piece of muslin in the village of Henja and was stitching it into a butterfly net, an activity that most of us deplored, primarily because the Nepalese believe strongly in reincarnation and might adopt the view that McKettle was netting someone's grandfather. When the fire burned down we all went to bed. Red John, the nocturnal musician, had been assigned a single tent. I had trouble getting into my sleeping bag. "You're getting in backward," said Jean, laughing like a hyena. "The zipper faces the other side."

Under the bag was a mattress of sorts, filled with a material that, as I settled myself, I identified as bedrock. I was half asleep when two distinct sounds awoke me. One was the sound of Dr. Frank cursing softly. The other came from Dumphreys McKettle, who was snoring.

It was still pitch black when a Sherpa's whistle cut the stillness. By the time I emerged from my sleeping bag Jean was almost dressed. I rummaged dismally in my kit bag for a pair of clean socks, which turned up at the bottom, wedged between two chocolate bars that had melted the day before and had hardened to my socks during the night. As I contemplated this new calamity, a shattering lament from Red John arose in the tent behind us, appeals to the Almighty that would have wrung the heart of a yak.

"He's gone bonkers," said Jean placidly.

"Not only that," I said, standing in my chocolate socks to peer out of the rear flap of our tent, "he hasn't got any clothes on."

"You mean he's starkers?" said Jean, rushing to look. Whatever ailed Red John in the early-morning hours remained a mystery, but his predawn litany became a part of the trek.

By six o'clock the tents had come down, and the porters were loaded up. We turned west, guided by our *sirdar* (foreman), whose name seemed to be Gangway or Nosegay, I couldn't make it out. He was humming his morning prayers, the Buddhist's *Om mani padme hum, Om mani padme hum.* Hail to thee, jewel in the flower of the Lotus, hail to thee. . . .

Three hours later, as we made ready to leave our breakfast site, Shipton came to me and said, "I think that you need a lesson in walking. You're expending far too much energy." I could not have agreed more. Now began our first steep, zigzag climb of more than 1,000 feet up a stone "staircase," slabs of cement wedged into the trail. The steps, which represented centuries of labor by the Nepalese, were by no means smoothly set or evenly separated. Some steps were only a few inches apart, others required a leap upward, still others had been washed away by monsoons.

"Interlock your fingers in mine," said Shipton, thrusting one hand out behind him, "and follow exactly in my footsteps. If you get winded, it means you're going too fast. Don't try to make it to a step beyond your reach, which will put you off-balance. The trick is to keep an even, steady pace, even if it means going out of your way off the path." I took his hand, and he moved upward steadily, never varying the length of his steps. As I moved with him I began to feel that I was not so much climbing as simply rising. My breathing became even and unlabored. Halfway up I was still not fatigued. There was actually a sense of exhilaration.

"Most climbers much prefer going uphill to downhill," he said. "Don't talk if it makes you lose your puff." We stopped to rest on a plateau that looked out over the valley.

"I suppose the reason mountainclimbers get a reputation for not talking is that they get used to saving their

continued

wind for climbing," I said, hazarding a guess. Shipton's eyes twinkled.

"Not necessarily," he said. "It's as much a matter of temperament. The appeal of mountain climbing, aside from the sense of achievement, is an appreciation of vast spaces and utter solitude. I've always thought Mallory's statement that men climb mountains 'because they are there' rather supercilious."

We started off again. I was suddenly tired and couldn't recapture my rhythmic pace. "One of my best friends, a strong climber named Bill Tilman, can go for months without saying a word," Shipton went on. "He's rather a misogynist and a recluse. To this day he's never been inside a cinema. Another friend of mine, the late Dan Bryant, a strong climber from New Zealand, once spent two days alone with Bill in Darjeeling in complete silence. Bill is extremely shy. After years of climbing together, including one Himalaya expedition of seven months, we still referred to each other as Shipton and Tilman. Noel Odell, who is also quite reserved, and who climbed with Tilman to the top of Nanda Devi, India's highest mountain, wrote in his account of the conquest, 'When we reached the top we so far forgot ourselves as to shake hands.'"

I'll never make it in this business, I thought. Too gabby. I craned my neck toward the as yet invisible top of the staircase. "Don't look up," said Shipton. "Just concentrate on the next step. Walking properly becomes automatic with a little practice, then you can think about something pleasant."

Tony passed us with his long-legged stride. "Keep going," he said, as I faltered. "Once you get to the top it will be downhill all the way." When we got to the top the path curved again, upward. "He lies," I said bitterly. Shipton laughed.

For the next three days I lived on that lie, which was taken up by some of the others. "Just a few more steps, luv, and then it's downhill all the way" or "Tomorrow will be an easy day, a brief climb and then it's downhill all the way."

Mountains, like some people, can't seem to make up their minds. First their trails go up, and just when you think you've got it made they go down. Wow, I thought, when we got to Ghorapani the fourth day out. T-minus 9,000 feet and still counting. The next day we started down, 5,000 feet to be exact. It took us another two days to climb back up to 8,000 feet at Sirkung. On the way there, via Ghasa (6,600 feet), the trail passed below a spectacular waterfall, and soon the Kali River itself was falling in a series of powerful cataracts. At Ghasa our permits were checked, a tedious business with interminable scrawling by Nepalese officials in enormous, fly-specked books. The operation apparently bored Gangway, who, when it was over, spat in a

Generation gap?

Orson Welles is the father. And an acclaimed actor.

Rebecca Welles Moede is the daughter. And an aspiring actress.

They're of different generations, these two. But they're very much alike when it comes to the feeling they have for their craft. On this they agree. They live for it. And work for it. And love it.

The Beams, too, have a craft. Different but no less compelling. The Beams' craft is distilling Bourbon. And for six generations now, son has followed father in that craft. Living for it. Working for it. Loving it.

Six generations. One family. One formula. One purpose—the world's finest Bourbon. It's a proud record. It's a proud Bourbon—smooth and light and mellow. With a rich aroma full of promise.

Jim Beam. The Bourbon that's been pleasing audiences for 176 (176!) years.

gutter and said, "Me no never not like this government, not never."

We arrived in Sirkung with six days gone and four to go to base camp. It was about now that I got rid of my rucksack to take weight off my feet, which were sprouting blisters faster than mushrooms pushing up in a pine forest. Dr John shared his private porter, Purtemba, who was carrying his camera equipment. "Take care of memsahib," he instructed Purtemba whenever he wanted to rush up some impossible ridge to make movies, and a scrawny, brown hand would take a firm grip on my elbow. In addition, there was always Patooti, popping up unexpectedly from behind bushes and rocks.

"His name is Phudorje, pronounced Foo-door-jay," said Tony, "and our *sirdar*'s name is Nawang, not Nosegay or Gangway." Phudorje gave me presents, stones and small rocks he picked up in the dry riverbed of the Kali Gandaki gorge, a river festooned with tributaries into which I fell with monotonous regularity. Phudorje, grinning self-consciously, would lead me into camp holding my hand.

"It's your utter helplessness, plunging into all those icy mountain streams and tottering off ledges, that gets his wind up," said Tony. "Your Patooti has something of a crush. Keep it up and you may find yourself bringing yaks down to pasture at his village of Kunmunjong."

"Oh, do leave her alone, for pity's sake," said Alison. "I think Pooh is sweet."

Steadily my endurance improved, which was both encouraging and necessary, since to reach base camp at 13,500 feet on the 10th day, as planned, we were going to have to double our regular distance.

Phudorje saw me through our first long day from Sirkung to Jhomosom (8,900 feet), loading my pockets with stones and taking me away from the trail the others followed to show me a rock monument inscribed to five Americans and two Sherpas who lost their lives last year while attempting to climb the southeast ridge of Dhaulagiri. Phudorje had been their *sirdar*. Snow-blind, he had been confined to base camp. "I tell them not to go, to wait one day. I smell bad weather. But they go. Then I hear avalanche and see them no more."

We were now in Alpine country. The terrain was rocky and arid, but spectacular. The mountains in the distance peeped over the ranges like white-capped nuns. It was doubtful that we would see yaks, said Shipton, since they rarely descend below 14,000 feet. But we saw plenty of dzo, a cross between a cow and a yak.

I woke before the others the next morning and went outside. The sky, a

continued

mass of bright stars, stretched overhead like a jeweled canopy. The air was crisp and cold. The subtropical vegetation of the lower altitudes had given way to juniper thickets, the Hindu shrines to Buddhist chortens. Ahead of me that day was our highest single climb of 4,400 feet which, according to Tony, would be "downhill all the way," a 15-mile trek involving steep ascents to a large grazing ground called the Nama Phu Yak Pastures, where base camp would be pitched. Our reward, said the itinerary, would be a fine view of Tilicho Peak, the Nilgiri mountains and, looking west across Kali Gandaki Valley, the highest peak (26,795 feet) of the Dhaulagiri range. I took an aspirin and crawled back into my sleeping bag.

"The Sherpas," said Shipton later, as I struggled up behind him on the way to our breakfast site, "have never understood why we do this. They must *really* be mystified when they see how much you're enjoying it. You've forgotten everything I taught you." He thrust his ice ax behind him and we did our me-and-my-shadow routine. Since there would be no water until we reached Nama Phu, the Sherpas had packed food for us. It was wrapped in sheets of soiled wax paper—a cold pancake, a slab of tinned meat poking out of a nest of grime and an orange. Shipton, oblivious to external appearances, munched happily. I settled for the orange and gave the rest to a gratified Purtemba, who crouched beside us. A minor headache that had plagued me at Jhomosom was getting progressively worse, and as we continued to climb, discomfort increased as I began to feel the first unpleasant sensations of nausea.

"You may be feeling the altitude a bit," said Shipton at about 12,500 feet, massaging my shoulders. Below us, Rosamond Twistington-Higgins slowly was making her way up the slope. Her usually steady shuffle had become a crawl, due to an inexplicably painful knee. We started up again, but I had another fit of nausea, and had to stop once more. Shipton, who speaks the language of the Sherpas, said a few words to Kanja, who was bringing up the rear. Kanja disappeared with long strides up the slope and over the ridge. I don't know how long we rested before I saw two horses emerge over the top of the hill. Phudorje was leading one, Kanja the other. We had met many mule trains along the trails, on their way to Mustang or Tibet with their loads of rice and yak pelts, but these were the first horses I had seen.

"Where did you get them?" I asked Phudorje.

"Dalai Lama's horses," he said. "I get them from Dalai Lama's policeman." The Dalai Lama has been living in seclusion in India since his flight over the mountains after the Chinese Communist take-over of Tibet, and a loyal little army is standing guard over the Nepalese frontier. Shipton helped me mount, while Kanja went down the slope to get Twistington-Higgins. Rosamond rode well. I did not, but I was grateful as I lurched along, perched on the Tibetan saddle of folded blankets. It isn't every day a trekker rides into camp on the Dalai Lama's horse. My tentmate put me to bed, and Tony angled his 6′ 3″ into the tent to give me a shot of brandy. The temperature had taken a sharp, downward curve and my teeth started to chatter. A canteen filled with hot water was shoved into my sleeping bag. Jean covered me with two duvet jackets, but I could not stop shaking.

"Don't feel bad about not making it today," she said. "Almost everyone was in a state of collapse when we got here. And guess what? Tony has a blister." That was good news. Dr. Jack, who stopped in, had a "thundering" altitude headache. Joyce had fallen on a rock and bruised her hip. Dr. John had taken a spill crossing a stream and bruised his ribs. The altitude had given Muriel a nosebleed. Shipton thought he was coming down with Delhi Belly. Jean chattered on with news of our small, remote world, and I fell asleep.

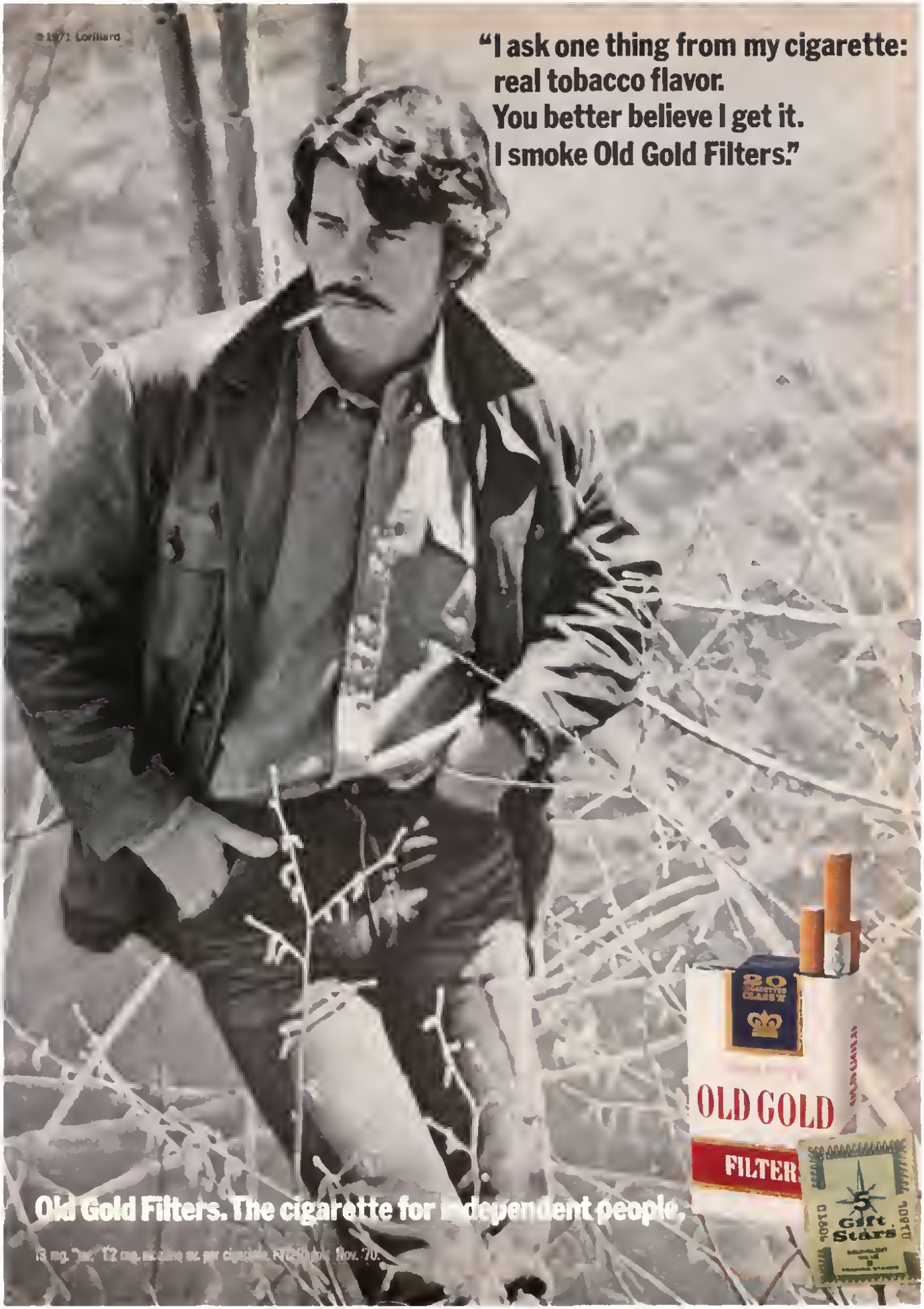
Tony brought my supper to the tent and told me that because I was obviously feeling the altitude and because my progress through the hills made a turtle look like a rocket, I would not be allowed to go on to high camp at Tilicho Pass or up the unnamed peak. Rosamond Twistington-Higgins, her ailment diagnosed as a "stress fracture," would also stay behind, as would Dr. Jack and his wife Alison.

"Your Patooti is going to have to go on ahead with the other Sherpas and porters and help dig out a campsite," said Tony, "and he won't be able to look after you, which will be a blow to him, I daresay, but I'm sure he'll bring you some rocks with which to slow you down even more on the trek back."

The next morning all but three tents were packed up for the trip to high camp, and I moved in with Twistington-Higgins, who was now reduced to crawling about on her hands and knees.

Truth to tell, I was not exactly heartbroken to be left behind, except that I had brought along an American flag, hoping to plant it alongside whatever

continued


© 1971 Lorillard
"I ask one thing from my cigarette:
real tobacco flavor.
You better believe I get it.
I smoke Old Gold Filters."
OLD GOLD
FILTER
5 Gift Stars
Old Gold Filters. The cigarette for independent people.

ILLUSTRATED:
THE SCHWINN
10-SPEED SUBURBAN . . . $94.95*

Schwinn . . . for the young in heart

Cycling fans choosa Schwinn . . . for good reason. Schwinn bikes are designed for the adult riders' demands for today's riding conditions. 10-spead models, 5-speed and 3-speed Schwinn bicycles that melt the miles with effortless pollution-free performance. Styling to delight tha most sophisticeted in smart naw models for the ledies and sturdy naw models in frame sizes to fit six foot-plus man in comfort.

A galaxy of colors, too Saa your naarby Schwinn Cyclery—and let your dealer show you his huge selection of America's greatest bike value. Schwinn, the quality bika. It's built to last. And every Schwinn Is assembled, adjusted, and personelly fitted to bring you more riding pleasure et no extra cost.

SEND 25¢ FOR COMPLETE SCHWINN CATALOG

Schwinn
BICYCLE COMPANY
1856 NORTH KOSTNER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60639

*SUGGESTED PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN SOUTHERN WESTERN AND EASTERN STATES

TANDEMS

RACERS

LIGHTWEIGHTS

EXERCISERS

TRI WHEELERS

UNICYCLES

STING RAYS

chauvinist emblem the British produced. It was not much of a flag, about an inch high, attached to a toothpick and had, as a matter of fact, come out of a Cracker Jack box. My headache was better, the sun was shining. I decided to climb a ridge behind the camp and leave my Cracker Jack pennant in some small niche. It took about an hour to get where I was going, inching my way around sun-browned shrubs and patches of scree. At the top I rested, then wedged the flag into a crack in a rock. The next monsoon will wash it away, but for a few months, somewhere in Nepal at 14,000 feet, a tiny emblem waves.

I got back in time for afternoon tea, and just after that Youngjohn came running down the slope with a scribbled note from Dr. John saying, "Red John collapsed. Send oxygen." Dr. Jack rushed off, followed by Alison, Youngjohn and a Sherpa carrying a tank. They were a long time gone, but looking through Rosamond's binoculars I finally saw them, first only a glimpse of Dr Jack's umbrella, which, like a proper Englishman, he had taken along. Then came Red John, picking his way down the slope under his own steam.

"Just a touch of hypothermia, I believe," said Dr Jack.

Only five of the group made it to the top of the peak, which was named—in honor of that master scribbler of bulletins from Cooks—Mt. Harry Grant. It occurred to me that I had forgotten to name my own peak, or ridge, or what McPherson would say, ach'chly, was just a rock on a hill But what's in a name?

Two days later we started down, our caravan highlighted by the sight of Rosamond Twistington-Higgins, packed into a hamper and carried on the six-day trip all the way to Pokhara on the porters' backs, bobbing like a cork.

Whereas before we had gone down to go up, we now often went up to go down, which was all right with me. Shipton said, "I see you've found your pace," and so I had We came much too fast to that last mountain stream. "If you can get across this without falling in," said Dr. John, "I'll know you've learned some—"

Splash!

Then it was off to Pokhara, where Air India and Harry Grant, who had flown out from London, waited to welcome us back.

"Mt. Harry Grant has been conquered," we told him.

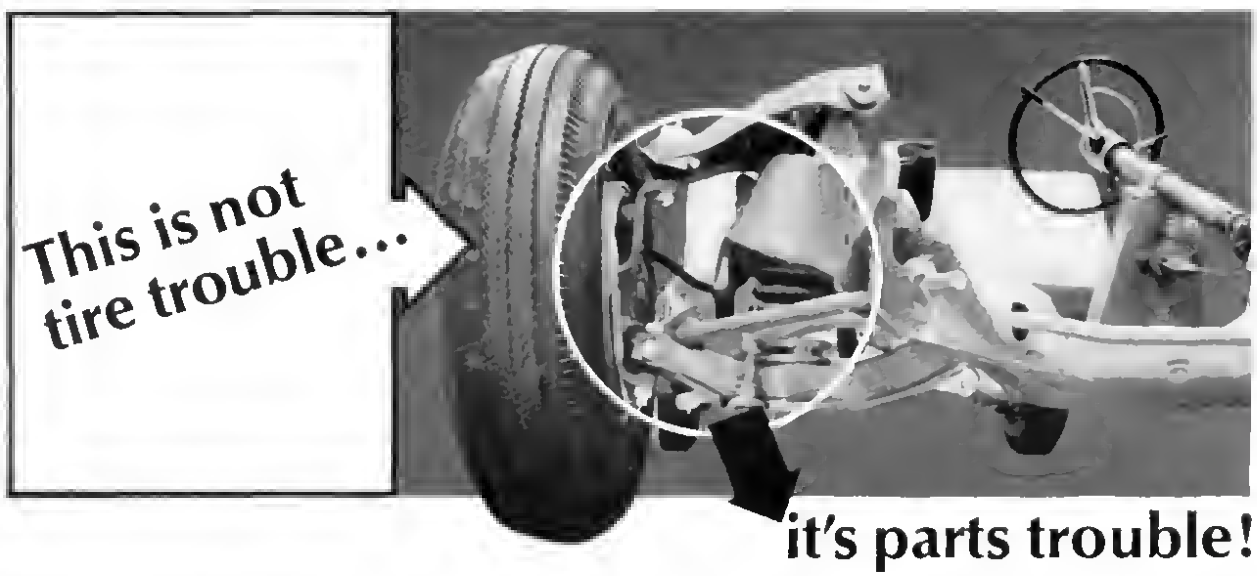
"I am never conquered," said the man from Cooks.

And finally came London, where at the airport Eric Shipton, his Whymper under one arm, his ice ax under the other, simply disappeared. No words. We were back at sea level.

"Will we see you again?" the trekkers asked me.

"Of course," said Tony. "She's going to be deputy leader next year."

I daresay, but first I'll do Sikkim, maybe, starting from Kalimpong and over the Serpo La and—forget it. END



it's parts trouble!

Many people tend to blame their tires when they wear prematurely. But it's often the fault of worn steering parts — not tires. When steering parts are worn, like ball joints, tie-rod ends and idler arm, the least that can happen is excessive tire wear. The worst is loss of steering control.

That's why Moog — the leading name in steering parts — recommends a regular wheel alignment and parts check by an alignment specialist. With a simple look and shake, he can find any excessively worn steering parts.

Have worn parts replaced with Moog parts, because Moog improved designs hold wheels in line longer. And proper alignment assures longer tire life and safer driving. At Moog, we call it "Wheel-to-Wheel Security."

MOOG SECURITY ALIGNMENT SERVICE

Moog . . bringing safely to steering for over 50 years.

MOOG INDUSTRIES, INC., P. O. Box 7224, St. Louis, Mo. 63177

Wilson T2000. The little wires

Too many metal rackets would have you believe they can help you play more powerful, more controlled tennis simply because they are metal rackets.

They should know better.

The WILSON T2000, grand-daddy of them all, had the edge on them right from the start: a patented string suspension system called the crown-and-wrap. It can help you do almost everything better.

The crown-and-wrap system leaves the strings free to give and take tension, to accommodate one another, to deliver the perfect degree of pace and angle that your head is asking for when it swings your arm and racket into a shot.

Taut strings on tight wires...like live nerves. The racket is hypersensitive. Ordinary rackets, frame-strung, can't give you the "feel" you need, for example, to finesse a neat drop shot.

Cutting loose on a smash or a cannonball serve, the whole head of the racket acts like a small trampoline, powering the ball back at many times your own strength. Man, it satisfies!

But, let's be realistic: nobody hits them all dead-center. How about all those times you settle for getting just a piece of the racket on the ball?

The crown allows some "give" around the edges of the frame, which wouldn't happen if the strings went into the frame. So the T2000 can respond to those off-target hits with all the authority that most rackets save for bulls-eyes.

That's the kind of help you need from a racket.

are a big help to your game.

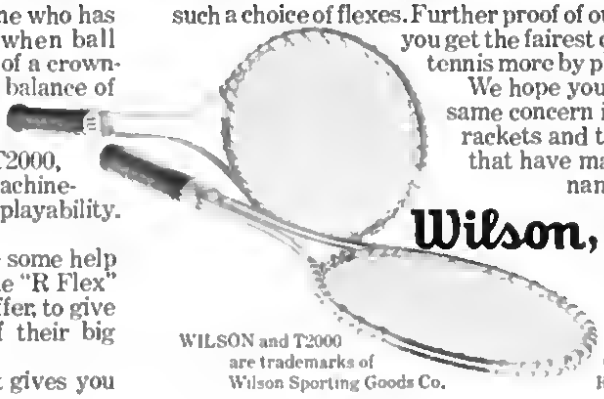
Tennis people would know that. Only someone who has a deep understanding of what happens when ball meets racket could conceive the advantages of a crown-and-wrap suspension...or the mobility and balance of an Astro-Bow frame...or the sure feel of a top-grade calfskin grip.

All of which explains why the Wilson T2000, first of the metal rackets, is still the best. Machine-tested for durability. Tournament-tested for playability. No complaints.

If you're an average player and can use some help putting speed on the ball, you should buy the "R Flex" model. The "Firm Flex" model is slightly stiffer, to give our power-hitting friends better control of their big game.

The T2000 is the only metal racket that gives you such a choice of flexes. Further proof of our concern that you get the fairest chance to enjoy tennis more by playing it better.

We hope you will read that same concern in all the other rackets and the tennis balls that have made Wilson the name of the game.



Wilson, anyone?

WILSON and T2000 are trademarks of Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

String suspension system licensed under patents of Rene Lacoste.

How can you appreciate The Rolling Stones on a stereo made for Danny & the Juniors?

Music isn't the only thing that's changed since "At the Hop" was in the Top 40

Stereos are different too.

But if you're like a lot of other people, maybe you're still using the one you got for not failing math in junior high school

Well, see the stereo in the picture below?

It's the Sony HP 140 And it's got features that let you get all the sound that's in your records, out of them

It has separate bass and treble controls, and a balance control A ceramic cartridge, diamond stylus, a 6½" woofer, and a 2" tweeter

The HP 140 even has a sensitive FM-AM/FM stereo radio built right into it

And it comes equipped with a 4 speed BSR micro minichanger, tape input and output jacks, and a headphone jack Plus, extras like vernier tuning for the radio, and just to keep everything clean, a special dust cover

On top of that, the HP 140 also comes with a $149 95* price tag. Which, considering what you get, not to mention all the money you've already invested in records, is a very reasonable price.

Why don't you take a look at this stereo?

For a small additional charge, you can get it with a built-in cassette or cartridge too. So even if you want tape you won't have to miss a single moan or groan in "Brown Sugar."

Or, for that matter, a single do-wop or shoo-be-do in any of your oldies but goodies either

SONY'S $150 Stereo System.

A Presidential Hideaway Everyone Forgot

When Herbert Hoover established his Rapidan retreat, one of the benefits he foresaw, along with the fishing and the relaxation, was escape from the intrusions of the capital press **by JOHN D. WEAVER**

Anyone who has been exposed to the celebrated discomforts of a Washington summer can appreciate the desire of our Presidents to escape its pernicious grip. Once they begin to notice the softening effects of the August sun on asphalt pavements, they come to the conclusion that similar changes may be taking place inside the brain. They do what any prudent person would do in such circumstances. They flee.

Calvin Coolidge, attended by a cadre of grateful White House correspondents, used to sit out the summer months in some cool, agreeable resort area. To lighten their professional burdens, the reporters took turns keeping an eye on the President while their colleagues were left free to fish or play poker and, like their successors in San Clemente, dine out handsomely on capital gossip.

Herbert Hoover in a way formalized presidential leisure. Early in his star-crossed administration, he dispatched two scouts into the wilds of Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains to search out a secluded spot where he could get away on weekends and do a little fishing. He wanted something cool (it would have to be at least 2,500 feet above sea level) and convenient (not more than 100 miles from Washington). And, for this lifelong angler, there would have to be plenty of good fishing.

The two emissaries found just what the President seemed to have in mind when they made their way up a muddy corkscrew trail to a mountain fastness where two creeks converged to form the headwaters of the Rapidan River. The following June, when the Hoovers set out to have a look at the proposed campsite, they had to abandon their limousine and cover the last eight miles of rugged, pine-covered mountainside on horseback.

To the President's delight, the reporters tagging along behind him were sealed off from the mountaintop by the forbidding terrain, with an assist from the Secret Service. For Hoover, one of the chief enticements of having an isolated summer sanctuary was freedom from the press. It pained him to be constantly shadowed by what he regarded as professional peeping toms. Every man, even a President, he liked to point out, had the right to be left alone at certain times.

"Next to prayer," he once said, "fishing is the most personal relationship of man."

Leaving the White House reporters to explore the worldly pleasures of Criglersville, where local moonshiners colored their $2-a-gallon corn liquor with burnt sugar and palmed it off on the press as $5 bourbon, the Hoovers spent the night under a tent near the splashing waters of the Rapidan. Next morning, while her husband went looking for brook trout, Mrs. Hoover gathered wildflowers, and by the time they headed back for Washington they were drawing up plans for their summer place.

It was ready by August 1929, two months before the stock market crash and in time for the President's 55th birthday. He received an unexpected present from an 11-year-old neighbor, Ray Burraker, who showed up at the camp with a baby possum in a soapbox. The youngster favored the weekend visitors with a song (*I Will Meet You Up There in the Morning*) and, to their amusement, he said of the 1928 campaign, "My paw was such a bum guesser he had to climb a tall hickory tree after the election." Hoover took a liking to the lad and saw to it that he got a hefty wedge of the birthday cake. The President also managed to slip a $5 bill into the youngster's hand.

A few days later, when Madison County was getting ready to stage a whopping official welcome for the Hoovers (Governor Harry Byrd was coming up from Richmond in an Army blimp), an Associated Press reporter ran into Ray, who said he'd trapped two more possums, for which he hoped to get $5 apiece. Five dollars was quite a windfall in a time and place where the head of a family might go all year without handling as much as $100 in cash. The Hoovers were shocked to find that, like his illiterate parents, Ray had never been to school (and never heard of Colonel Lindbergh), and the President later spent $1,200 of his own money to build a schoolhouse for the community.

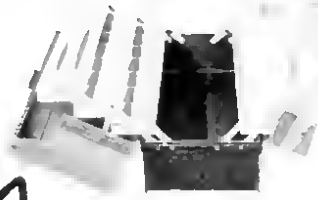
"I have discovered why Presidents take to fishing, the silent sport," Hoover told his new neighbors when they crowded into the Madison County Fair Grounds to greet him a week after his birthday party on the Rapidan. "Apparently the only opportunity for refreshment of one's soul and clarification of one's thoughts by solitude to Presidents lies through fishing."

Courtesy is instinctive among Virginia's mountain people. In public they said nothing about the President's fishing. But among themselves, the mountaineers were somewhat taken aback to find that the country's most highly publicized angler, who also happened to be its most influential opponent of federal handouts, fished in rocky pools stocked for his enjoyment by the U.S. Government.

Once word got around Big Stone Mountain that the Bureau of Fisheries was dumping brook trout into the Rapidan on the eve of the President's arrival at his summer camp, his neighbors began grabbing their fishing poles and scurrying downriver to try their luck on the fish that got away from Mr. Hoover and his guests.

Two days before the 1932 trout season was to open in Virginia, more than 500 trout, all about eight inches long, were removed from a New Hampshire fish hatchery and sent south for their rendezvous with destiny. But due to a distressing bureaucratic blunder the fish ended up in the Rose River, near the

continued

My Buddy*
THE ONE
FOR SUMMER FISHING FUN!

TACKLEMASTER* No. 8516
Made of super-tough IMPERVIUM*. Roomy, yet light and compact. 5 large trays. 29 compartments for all type baits. New double locking, no-spill catch. Heavy, reinforced lip around openings helps prevent leakage. Molded, piano type hinges with brass pins. Size: 16x9x 9½ inches. Weight: 6¼ lbs.
39 DIFFERENT STYLES AND SIZES
FALLS CITY DIVISION
Stratton & Terstegge Co., Inc.
P.O. Box 1859, Louisville, Kentucky 40201

IN THE SUN,
IN THE FUN,
ALL OVER THE WORLD.
THE
WONDERFUL
WORLD OF
SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED.

delightful
Frenchy's
wonderful food
1901 e. north ave. • milwaukee • wis

town of Orange, Va. For days afterward the townspeople gorged on trout intended for the presidential table.

A detachment of marines was stationed at the Rapidan camp to protect the President, especially from members of the press. Desperate for something to send their editors in addition to their expense accounts (how much could anybody be expected to spend in Criglersville?), the White House correspondents fastened on the most trivial bits of news. On one occasion, as the Hoovers were on their way back to the White House after a rainy weekend of tariff talks, a brown cow lumbered out onto the highway in front of the President's car. His chauffeur braked, gave the horn a couple of toots, and the cow meandered off into a clump of trees. Next morning *The New York Times* used a two-column headline to proclaim:

BROWSING COW DELAYS
RETURNING PRESIDENT;
HE STARTS SOUTH TONIGHT
FOR FLEET REVIEW.

The Rapidan River camp soon became a household word not just in that provincial corner of the Blue Ridge, but throughout the world. On a fall weekend in 1929 President Hoover and Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald sat on a log near the river and discussed a proposed reduction in naval armaments. But ordinarily life at the fishing lodge was more humdrum than historic.

"Weekends at the camp on the Rapidan are a dull duty," declared an anonymous gossip of the day, and corroboration appeared in the friendly pages of *The New York Times Magazine* when a feature writer described a typical weekend at the fishing lodge. After dinner, Mary Hornaday reported, women in semiformal dresses and men in white flannels assembled in front of two separate but equal stone fireplaces in a pine cabin known as "Town Hall."

"Intricate jigsaw puzzles are brought out. One has 1,000 pieces. It takes practically a whole weekend for guests to fit the curlicues into place."

On winter nights when the lodge was closed and its owners a safe three-hour drive away, some Madison County sports used to get together in front of the same two fireplaces. Their leader was a minor local functionary who, having access to the camp, recognized its potentialities as a private club. He and his cronies reveled in the luxury of drinking prescription whiskey, eating barbecued steaks and dealing five-card stud for days at a time, secure in the knowledge that between them and their wives stood a contingent of United States Marines.

"I desire that the camp shall ultimately become the property of the Shenandoah National Park so that at the expiration of my term of office they may hold it for my successors for a weekend camp," President Hoover wrote the head of Virginia's Conservation and Development Commission as he was preparing to leave the White House. The land (164 acres) was appraised at $30,000 and the improvements at about $14,000.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, the first beneficiary of the legacy, was a sailor and a saltwater fisherman rather than a river rapids angler. Having little use for either Herbert Hoover or his trout stream, F.D.R. set up his own weekend retreat in the Maryland hills in the summer of 1942 when it was often difficult for him to get back to Hyde Park. Taking note of the wartime secrecy cloaking his movements, he dubbed the place Shangri-La after the mythical war-free land of *Lost Horizon*.

President Eisenhower rechristened the Maryland hideaway Camp David in honor of his grandson. Now, three Presidents later, David Eisenhower and his in-laws make good use of the place. According to "informed sources," it was at Camp David that Edward Finch Cox proposed to Tricia Nixon.

Mr. Hoover's gift, meanwhile, gathered dust in the national attic. It was so long neglected that even many White House correspondents had never heard of the place until recently, when high-ranking members of President Nixon's official family stumbled onto it. For a token fee ($2 a day, which includes linen, blankets and towels) they could pack their families off to cool, sequestered pine cabins high in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

On summer weekends, when they hike the winding trails, pitch horseshoes or gather around the stone fireplaces for martinis (the Hoovers served an orange drink), they may be haunted by the shade of the Depression President who, toward the end of his ordeal, was heard to groan, "All the money in the world could not induce me to live over the last nine months." Only in the Virginia hills, when the fish were biting and the heat of summer filtered through the leaves of oaks and maples, had he managed to snatch a few hours of peace and privacy. END

Even when we lose, we win.

We race to win.

But we also race to learn. About the products we make. And the cars we make them for.

Racing is one of our research laboratories. Where motor oils are tested. And new ideas are born.

So even though we'll never learn to lose, sometimes we have to lose to learn.

Which means we still come out ahead.

Gulf

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

AUTO RACING AL UNSER survived an accident-marred Indianapolis 500, driving his Johnny Lightning Special to victory for the second straight year at a record average speed of 157.735 mph (*page 26*). The afternoon began with the pace car crashing into the photographers' bleachers and ended with at least 20 people injured. Peter Revson in a McLaren M16 finished second, some 20 seconds behind Unser. Three-time winner A. J. Foyt was third.

BASKETBALL—Walt Frazier, who was named the most valuable player, scored 26 points and Oscar Robertson made two free throws in the final seconds to lead the NBA All Stars to a 125-120 victory over the ABA All Stars in the so-called Super Game in Houston's Astrodome (*page 32*). The winners played without Lew Alcindor, who was married earlier in the day. Rick Barry, former NBA star now with the New York Nets, was high man for the losers with 20 points.

BOWLING—PAULA SPERBER, a 20-year-old left-hander from Miami, edged June Llewellyn of Pompano Beach, Fla. to win first prize in the $30,000 Women's U.S. Open in North Kansas City, Mo. It was Miss Sperber's first tournament victory since turning pro in 1969.

BOXING FLOYD PATTERSON, 36, was awarded a unanimous decision over Terry Daniels of Dallas in a 10-round bout in Cleveland. Patterson knocked Daniels down in the third round and typically tried to catch him before he fell, and floored him again in the ninth. It was Patterson's fourth straight victory since he ended a two-year retirement last September.

DAVID VASQUEZ, a student at Manhattan Community College, recorded his ninth win in 10 pro fights, a sixth-round TKO over Arlindo Borges, of Brazil, in New York to retain the somewhat ersatz North American bantamweight title.

CHESS BOBBY FISCHER of the U.S. ran his lead over Mark Taimanov of the U.S.S.R. to 5-0 in Vancouver, British Columbia in one of four quarterfinal matches to determine a challenger to world champion Boris Spassky. In other matches, WOLFGANG UHLMANN of East Germany defeated Bent Larsen of Denmark in Las Palmas, Canary Islands, to narrow his deficit to 4½-3½, and VIKTOR KORCHNOI of the U.S.S.R. held on to a 4½-2½ lead over countryman Yefim Geller in Moscow. TIGRAN PETROSIAN of the U.S.S.R. became the first semifinalist when his opponent, Robert Hubner of West Germany, defaulted with the score 4-3 in Petrosian's favor, citing frayed nerves, in Seville, Spain.

GOLF—GREAT BRITAIN won the Walker Cup at St. Andrews, Scotland for the first time since 1938 and for only the second time in the 50-year history of the series. The team of comparatively unknown Britishers took six of eight singles matches on the final afternoon to edge the heavily favored Americans 13-11 (*page 30*).

HORSE RACING—PURSE FINDER ($23.80) scored an upset victory in the $25,000 Peter Pan Purse at Belmont Park, beating favored Sole Mio by nine lengths in the 1⅛-mile test. Purse Finder's win earned him a berth in the Belmont. Sole Mio may also go in the final leg of the Triple Crown.

DECEIT ($13.60) ran off with her second leg of the NYRA's Triple Crown for 3-year-old fillies, the $89,925 Mother Goose Stakes at Belmont Park, finishing three-quarters of a length ahead of Graffiti. Favored Forward Gal, who finished third in the Acorn, was a poor third.

LACROSSE—MARYLAND beat Navy 10-7 and CORNELL edged Army 17-16 to move into the final round of the first NCAA championship.

TRACK & FIELD VILLANOVA edged Maryland 32-31 to win its 11th IC4A title in 15 years at Philadelphia's Franklin Field. MARTY LIQUORI took the mile in 4:00.4 to become the third runner in the 95-year history of the meet to sweep six IC4A mile titles—three indoor and three outdoor—a feat previously accomplished by Leslie MacMitchell of NYU in 1940-42 and Dave Patrick of Villanova in 1966-68. Villanova won the meet by finishing second in the final event, the mile relay, with Liquori running a 48.1 leg, a personal best.

MILEPOSTS—ANNOUNCED By the Pittsburgh Condors, an exhibition game on Oct. 10 against the Milwaukee Bucks, the first officially scheduled contest between an NBA and an ABA team.

DROPPED VIC STASIUK, as head coach of the Philadelphia Flyers of the National Hockey League. Stasiuk, who has a year remaining on a two-year contract, has been asked to remain with the team as a scout.

FILED By Dave Hill, a $1 million damage suit against the Tournament Players Division and the PGA for violation of his civil rights, violation of the Sherman Antitrust Law and abridgment of his rights of free speech. Hill was fined $500 for "behavior unbecoming to a professional golfer" at the Colonial Invitational.

MARRIED LEW ALCINDOR, 24, 7'2" center for the Milwaukee Bucks, and JANICE BROWN, 23, 5'5", of Los Angeles, at four a.m. in an Islamic ceremony in Washington, D.C. Alcindor reportedly was wed under the name of Kareem Abdul Jakar; his bride called herself Habiba Kareem.

NAMED GENE VISSCHER, as head basketball coach at Weber State, where he has served as assistant to Phil Johnson. Johnson leaves the Wildcats to become an assistant to Dick Motta of the Chicago Bulls.

RETIRED CONNIE DIERKING, who played center for the Syracuse Nationals (1958-60), the Philadelphia 76ers (1963-65), the San Francisco Warriors (1965) and the Cincinnati Royals (1965-70) before returning to the 76ers last year.

RULED By the National Labor Relations Board, that the National Football League owners have a duty to sign the agreement reached last Feb. 28 with the Players' Association or appear before a hearing of the NLRB. The ruling supports the Players' Association contention that the owners had altered a contract to which both sides agreed. The owners are expected to request the hearing, saying they "welcome" an opportunity to "present our position in a manner which has not previously been afforded."

SIGNED TOM NISSALKE, Milwaukee Bucks assistant coach, to a three-year contract as head coach of the Texas Chaparrals of the ABA.

SIGNED STEVE WORSTER, All-America fullback at Texas and No. 4 draft pick of the Los Angeles Rams by the Hamilton Tiger-Cats of the Canadian Football League. Worster is the fourth U.S. collegiate star to choose the CFL over the NFL this year. Joe Theismann, Jim Stillwagon and Leon McQuay, having previously signed with the Toronto Argonauts. Former Detroit Lion Quarterback Greg Barton, who was expected to play with the Philadelphia Eagles this season, has also elected to play for Toronto.

DIED EDDIE NELDY, 50, trainer of Buckpasser, the 1966 Horse of the Year, and other Phipps family thoroughbreds, of a heart attack at Belmont Park, N.Y.

AUGUST HUSSE, 61, who had been named to coach the U.S. cycling team in the 1972 Olympics, after a brief illness in Columbus, Ohio.

JAMES COX BRADY, 63, chairman of the New York Racing Association from 1961-69, of a heart attack. During his tenure, Brady saw the opening of the new Belmont and Aqueduct tracks and the refurbishment of Saratoga. At the time of his death, he was a trustee of the NYRA and the vice-chairman and a steward of the Jockey Club.

CREDITS

4—Sheeitz & Tony. 24, 27—James Drake, Arthur Shay (3), Heinz Kluetmeier (2). 28—Eric Schweikardt, James Drake, Tony Triolo. 30, 31—Gerry Cranham. 33—Jerry Cooke. 34—Jeviton Atlanta. 35—Frank Lotz Miller. 39—Jeviton Atlanta. 40—Lynn Pelham, Sophie Guillemette. 41—Brown Brothers. 42—Carl Mydans (LIFE). 64—H. Tone Stewart, M. Leon Lopez, Chicago Daily News. 69, 72—Neil Leifer. 76—Carl Iwasaki. 84—Tony Tomsic. 112—Ted Leu, Bob Henneman, St. Petersburg Times.

FACES IN THE CROWD

NANCI KAISER, 18, of Center Point (Texas) High, won all four events she entered at the state girls' meet in Austin: 80-yard hurdles (10.4), 440 (58.0), 60-yard dash (6.9) and long jump (19'1"). Her four firsts enabled her to singlehandedly win the team title.

STEVE CUTTER, a senior at Keene (N.H.) High, threw no-hitters in the first two high school games he ever pitched. He beat Stevens High of Claremont 9-0 in the season's opener and topped Gardner (Mass.) High 1-0. He was formerly an outfielder.

MRS. DOROTHY E. SWETT, 58, a librarian for the Navy Medical Neuropsychiatric Research Unit in San Diego, set a record of 1:51.8 for women over 45 in the 100-yard free, bettering the old mark by 19.8 seconds. She has swum competitively for 18 months.

FRANK PUGLISI, a brewery worker from Tampa, caught a 193-pound tarpon on a 40-pound test line in McKay Bay near downtown Tampa. It was the largest fish caught in the 36 years of the Suncoast Tarpon Roundup. The previous record was a 174-pounder.

KAYE ZIMMERMAN of Casa Grande (Ariz.) Union High has not lost a tennis match in four years, is captain of the girls' team and is a state doubles champion. The Casa Grande girls have won the state title the past three years and have an 84-match winning streak.

CLARY ANDERSON, baseball coach at Montclair State (N.J.) College, recorded his 500th victory against 171 defeats when the Indians defeated Cornell 7-5. In 28 years of high school and college coaching, Anderson has had only one losing season.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

TALKING BACK

Sirs:

Frank Deford's commentary concerning Chris Schenkel (TV TALK, May 24) was long overdue. Not only does Schenkel lack the necessary knowledge to analyze the game properly, but he is consistently slow in reporting the action.

The executives at ABC may feel secure in the knowledge that they have an apologetic, "don't-step-on-anybody's-toes" type of announcer, but the viewers appreciate a well-informed sportscaster who can stay ahead of the action, display proper timing to accentuate the excitement and have the courage to tell it like it is. Schenkel is just a big yawn.

PAUL HEINI

Indianapolis

Sirs:

I wish to offer a sincere thank you to Frank Deford for his brief but incisive rap on the knuckles regarding ABC's coverage of the NBA playoffs. Sporting events are best covered by those who are, or tend to be, opinionated and abrasive. Now if Chick Hearn and Howard Cosell had been calling the NBA playoffs, we would have had a happening. As it was, I merely turned down the sound and called the game myself.

GEOFFREY MILLER

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Frank Deford seems to take great pleasure in criticizing the television networks for their coverage of major sports events. Not only did he blast ABC and CBS for their coverage of the NBA and ABA playoffs but, in past issues, he also has blasted NBC for its coverage of the 1970 World Series and the 1971 Super Bowl, just to mention a couple.

As far as sportscasters go, I think Chris Schenkel and Frank Gifford are two of the best.

FORREST WILCUT

Saginaw, Mich.

Sirs:

In my book Chris Schenkel is No. 2. (He tries harder.) Marv Albert is No. 1.

ALDO VITTI

Stamford, Conn.

Sirs:

As bad as Chris Schenkel is, and he is bad, I would rather listen to him, any day, than to Jack Twyman. According to Twyman's dry, computerlike analysis of the game, every time-out is an earth-shattering summit meeting. If NBA coaches knew all that Twyman credits them with knowing, there would be no losers, every game would wind up in a tie. Also, according to Twyman, NBA referees are never wrong.

In fact, Jack's sickening whitewashing of everything connected with his telecasts has completely turned me off, and I love good basketball as well as anyone.

RALPH C. YINGLING

Greenwood, S.C.

ANOTHER MILE

Sirs:

Congratulations on a fine article covering the Dream Mile race between Martin Liquori and Jim Ryun (*A Dream Comes True*, May 24). After reading it, I must say that for the first time I really respect Liquori. As a follower of Ryun since his Kansas schoolboy days, I have always resented Liquori because, as he put it, "I came up and started chipping away at the monument, I became somewhat of a villain." Martin Liquori has proved himself a truly tough competitor in every sense of the word, and it's about time people gave him the credit that is his due.

NEIL MORAN

New City, N.Y.

Sirs:

We hear that Marty Liquori and Jim Ryun plan on many more superraces in the future to settle the question of who is best. But what about all of the other milers in the world? I have a feeling that while Marty and Carol are out eating steak sandwiches and pizza, and Jim, Anne and Heather are out eating lobster, a third runner will be out with a stopwatch, training at 6,000 feet. Say, Kip Keino?

KEN FLANDERS

Portland, Maine

BIG-GAME HUNTER (CONT.)

Sirs:

The letter of self-adulation from C. J. McElroy of Inglewood, Calif. (19TH HOLE, May 24) clearly reveals the absurdity of characterizing the big-game hunter as a "dedicated and hardworking sportsman." It is quite clear that the "fierce competition" described by Mr. McElroy is not between hunter and animal but between hunter and hunter for "lifetime achievements, *i.e.*, rare animals, most species of animal taken, most countries hunted and best trophies taken."

Where is the sport in pursuing an unknowing and defenseless animal with a weapon capable of blowing a hole in the side of a house? Where is the sport in proving that man's mechanical genius can lay waste to nature? If the big-game hunter wants to transform this slaughter into a true sport, let him pursue the animals he seeks to conquer on foot with only those weapons he is able to fashion with his own hands in the course of his pursuit. In other words, let him match his own natural abilities against the natural abilities of the animals.

I doubt that Mr. McElroy, or any other big-game hunter, is sportsman enough to pursue this course, for here the scales would be weighted against *him*.

ROBERT H. ALAND

Chicago

Sirs:

I considered C. J. McElroy's letter one of the most appalling things ever printed in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. How anyone can write with pride of having killed large numbers of helpless animals is completely beyond my comprehension, and I find the idea of awarding trophies to commemorate this slaughter thoroughly disgusting. Especially annoying to me, in this day of dawning ecological concern, is the Weatherby award, mentioned by recipient McElroy as being given for the killing of "rare" (*i.e.*, vanishing?) animals. It is incredible that a supposedly responsible organization can even sanction—let alone reward—the destruction of rare species.

MARK SHAAGER

Monterey Park, Calif.

A JUMP ON THE SEASON

Sirs:

Thank you for acknowledging UCLA's newest star, James McAlister (*He Takes Off, He Takes It In*, May 17). In addition to setting record marks in the long jump, he is the cause of a clamor here in the Los Angeles area for No. 1 in football. It is a spreading fever, and we Angelenos are expecting to hear the UCLA air horns blaring more than ever this fall, signaling touchdown after touchdown for the pride of Los Angeles, Jumpin' Jim McAlister!

TONY WEBB

Thousand Oaks, Calif.

FIRST DOWN

Sirs:

Tex Maule's article on the nation's first spring football league (*This Spring Isn't Very Green*, May 10) was well received here in San Antonio. With their present winning record the Toros deserve their self-proclaimed title of "The Winningest Team in Professional Football."

It was of real interest to read of Toros Owner Henry Hight's plans to show up, team in tow, for the Cowboy-Oiler exhibition game this summer. But will either member of the Holy NFL meet the Toros on the playing field? Fat chance! King Rozelle would never allow his underlings to

Even when you've blown a fuse,
we're still on the line.

You could blow every fuse in your house and still be able to use your telephone.

Because a telephone doesn't get its power from your house circuits.

Instead, it operates from a low-voltage direct current supplied by Telephone Company batteries.

Much like the battery you have in your car, ours, too, must be constantly charged.

For this purpose we have battery chargers that convert power from the local power company.

But knowing that storms and other emergencies can sometimes affect power lines as well as our own, we have auxiliary generating equipment ready to take over at any time to keep the batteries charged.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company are constantly working to provide reliable telephone service.

So if a blown fuse does leave you temporarily in the dark, you can at least call somebody about it.

Its almost magical ceramic element creates a quarter-inch lightning bolt when you press the thumbpiece. This ignites the butane fuel—so dependably, you'll get years of lights. It's just that simple.

At jewelry, tobacco and department stores. Ten handsome designs and finishes. *From $15 for chrome to $27.50 for fine gold plate.*

Maruman Distributed by Consolidated Cigar Corp. Allied Products Div. 25 Allen St., Bridgeport, Conn.

I'll take Manhattan

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's New York Metropolitan Edition (rate base 200,000) takes your advertisement each week to 734,600 urbophile males 18-49. 86,600 of these have incomes of $25,000 or more: another 327,964 are in the $15,000+ bracket. All this, and Staten Island too.

Original
RUM and MAPLE
pipe mixture

"The Friendly Mixer"

CHANGE ADDRESS

If you're moving, please let us know four weeks before changing your address.

ATTACH PRESENT MAILING LABEL HERE.

Mail to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
541 N. Fairbanks Ct.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Name

Street

City

State Zip Code

Be sure to attach your address label when writing on other matters concerning your subscription—billing, adjustment, complaint, etc.

To order SI check box ☐ new ☐ renewal. Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico, and the Caribbean Islands $12.00 a year. Military personnel anywhere in the world $8.50 a year; all others $16.00 a year.

suit up against a force capable of deflating the NFL myth. That is all pie in the sky, but the San Antonio Toros and their pure gut-type football are very much a reality.

WES LINTHICUM

San Antonio

WHAT TO DO ABOUT LEW

Sirs:

I agree that the NBA finals were sort of a farce (SCORECARD, May 10), as has been nearly every game that King Lew has ever played in, but I can't see raising the basket to 12 feet. If the goal is to prevent the big man from dominating, then let's force him to become more versatile. Put in three scoring zones instead of two, like the ABA has. A 10-foot zone around the basket is good for one point, 10 to 25 feet is two points and over 25 is three points. Let the big guys have their stuff shots but only one point per stuff. Then, if the big man is really going to be effective, he'll have to be able to shoot medium-range shots, too.

BOB LOSACKER

Portage, Wis.

Sirs:

I must protest. Lew Alcindor averaged 31.7 points a game in the regular season. He may have made it look easy, but he worked for every one of his points. Wilt Chamberlain averaged 50.4 points a game in 1961-62, yet there were no threats of raising the basket or forcing him to play on one leg, despite his devastating total. What's more, Wilt's team did not win the championship. Even Lew needed plenty of help from Oscar Robertson, Bob Dandridge & Co. to get to the top of the basketball world. Lew is great, but he can't do it alone. Last year's playoffs against New York proved that. Basketball will always be a team game no matter how good the center is.

STEVE GORES

Shorewood, Wis.

Sirs:

You state that the game of pro basketball is "seriously threatened" by its dependency on the big man. Sure, all of the champion basketball teams have the big guy. It is also true that the champion football teams have the superstar quarterbacks, that the champion baseball teams have the superstar pitchers and powerful sluggers and that Stanley Cup hockey teams have the great goalies.

First, college basketball tried to contain Lew by banning the dunk. Now you want pro basketball to raise the baskets to 12 feet. Poor Lew. What next?

STEVE STEPHENSON

Sun Prairie, Wis.

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Sure you could see plenty of elephants in the zoo back home.

Sure you can do without the best things in life. But why?

Why not treat yourself to a smoother, lighter whisky—Canadian Lord Calvert.

It tastes smoother because we blend it from the subtly complementary whiskies of our own five distilleries.

You'll like drinking a whisky that's uncommonly good.

Canadian Lord Calvert.
Sure you can do without the best, but you don't have to.

Imported Canadian Whisky • A Blend • 80 Proof • Calvert Dist. Co., N.Y.C.

Marlboro Red
or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.
Marlboro
100's
Marlboro
100's
Come to
where the flavor is.